



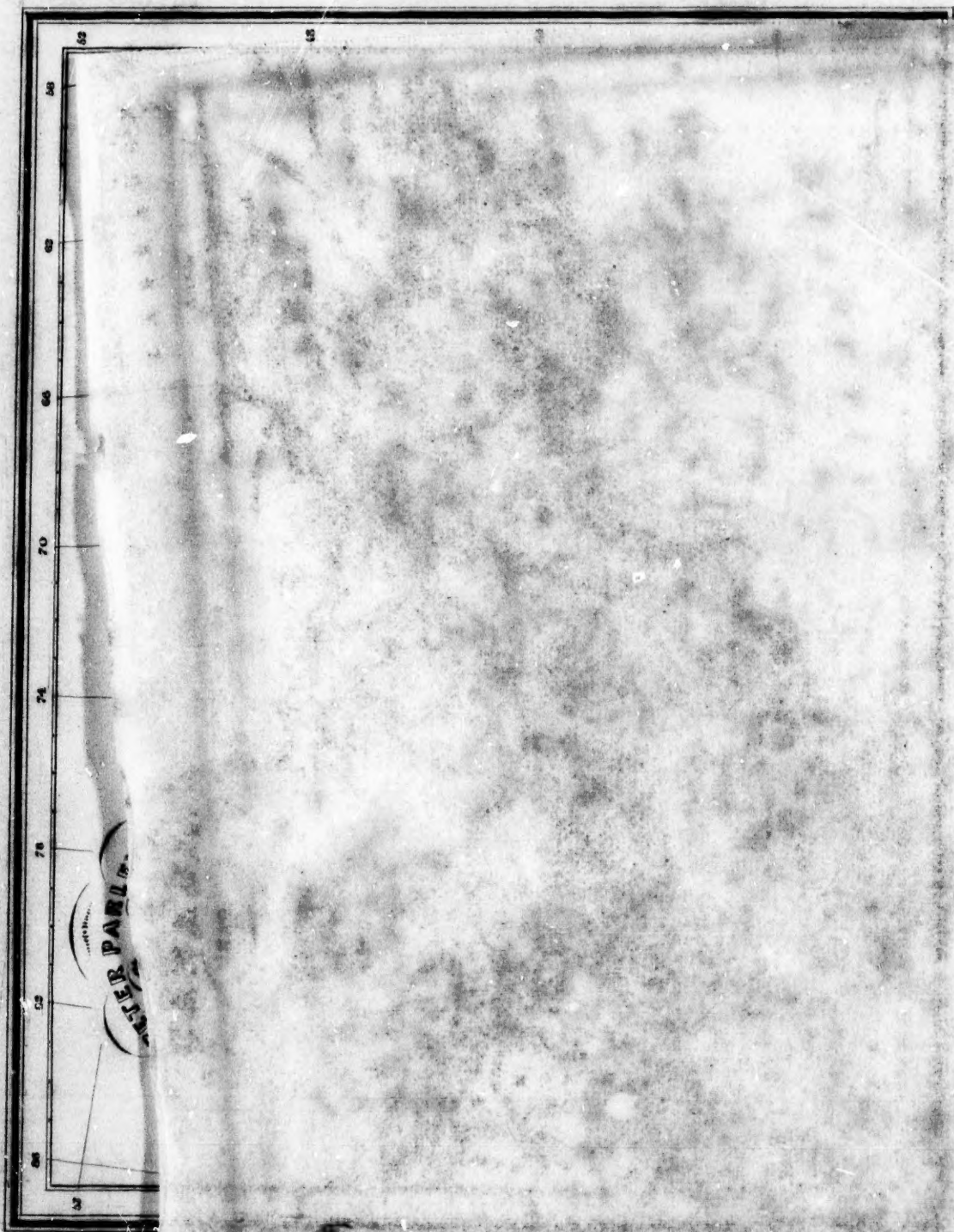
TALES ABOUT CANADA:

JOHN FARLEY.

REV. T. WILSON.

LONDON:

WATSON AND CLARK, HOLBORN HILL.



TALES ABOUT CANADA:

BY

PETER PARLEY.

EDITED BY THE REV. T. WILSON.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
PARLEY TELLS ABOUT CANADA AND ITS SITUATION—	
THE VOYAGES OF JACQUES CARTIER.	1
THE ORIGIN OF QUEBEC	31
THE TAKING OF QUEBEC	53
PARLEY GIVES A DESCRIPTION OF THE BRITISH POSSESSIONS IN NORTH AMERICA; ALSO AN ACCOUNT OF HIS VOYAGE ROUND THE ST. LAWRENCE	71
HORSE RACING IN UPPER CANADA—RIDEAU CANAL—	
EARTHQUAKE	102
A WINTER IN CANADA—ACCOUNT OF A SNOW STORM	126

	PAGE
THE TALE OF THE SNOW STORM CONTINUED . . .	150
LOG BURNING—VISIT TO THE INDIAN WIGWAMS .	165
THE SUGAR MAPLE—BATTLE BETWEEN THE SNAKE AND ORIOLE—FLYING SQUIRREL—BEAVER DAM .	187
FALLS OF NIAGARA—NAVY ISLAND	214
COMPARATIVE SIZE AND ELEVATION OF THE LAKES— THE BOATMAN'S STORY	225
OUTBREAK OF THE INSURRECTION IN CANADA—PETER PARLEY IN DANGER	253
THE GOVERNMENT OF CANADA—PETER PARLEY A VO- LUNTEER—SKIRMISH WITH THE REBELS . . .	265
ATTACK ON ST. EUSTACE—BURNING OF THE CAROLINE STEAM BOAT	286

PETER PARLEY'S
TALES ABOUT CANADA.

CHAPTER I.

PARLEY TELLS ABOUT CANADA AND ITS SITUATION — THE
VOYAGES OF JACQUES CARTIER—AND THE ORIGIN OF
QUEBEC.

WHAT a strange world this is! What plague spirit can there be in the air, that sets people to quarrel and to fight, to maim each other's limbs, cut each other's throats, burn each other's houses, trample down each other's corn, and destroy each other's goods! Surely there is enough in this great wide world for all of us to enjoy, if we would live in peace and harmony together.

Well, this is easier done than said; and the "fight-it-out system" must go on till people are more enlightened, and will understand their true interests.

Here is Canada, where poor Peter Parley has often been; where he has lived happy with both English and French; where he has broken bread with the backwoodsman, and smoked the pipe of peace with the poor outcast Indian. Canada, that England rescued from bad government, is now about to be the theatre of war, or if not, of discontent and rebellion.

The good friends of Peter Parley would like to know about Canada, and the Canadians, the Backwoodsmen, and the Indians. Truly there is much that is interesting to be told concerning each and all of them; and I wish I had time to tell all that I know about them. Though I have not space nor room to do all this, I can tell my friends a very great deal about Canada, its troubles, its wonders, and its people.

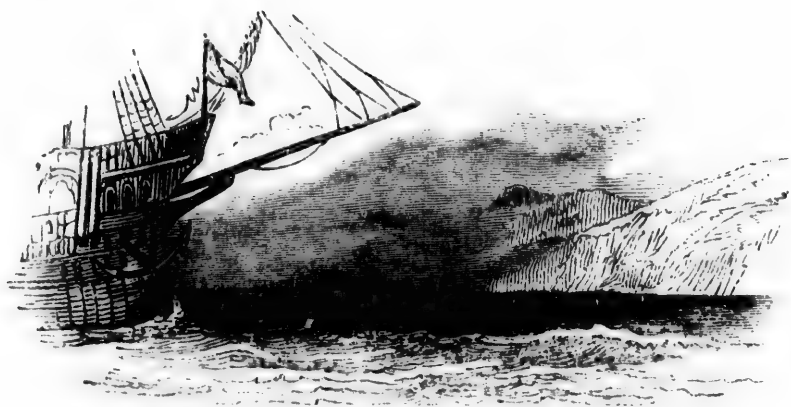
The word Canada is from an Iroquois expression, meaning a collection of huts. The people who first settled in the country, thought it was the name which the country bore, and thus they called the whole country Canada, which name it still retains, except that one part is called Upper, and the other part Lower Canada. If you look at the map you will see the boundary line of the two provinces; to the south of these are the American possessions. So that you see the Americans may shake hands with the Canadians, across it in some places, but in others they must cross a wide lake, or the great river St. Lawrence.

If you have read my book about America and Australia, you will know how America was discovered by Christopher Colon or Columbus. You may imagine what a noise the discovery of a New World created, in that portion of it which now goes by the name of the Old. A few years after Columbus made his second voyage, every body's mouth was full of these discoveries ;

and although the distance was very great across the Atlantic, and the perils of the passage had been very much magnified ; yet, the wonderful discoveries that were made, the quantity of gold which had been brought home, and the desire of curiosity which is always active, filled everybody on the coasts of the Old Continent, with a desire to cross the ocean to make discoveries for themselves.

Among the vast number of persons so inclined, were four Italians, John Cabot, and his three sons, Sebastian, Louis, and Sanchez ; who, after some trouble on their part, obtained a commission on the fifth of March, 1495, from our king Henry VII., to discover a north-west passage to the East Indies and China. This family sailed in 1497 with six ships, and early in June of the same year discovered Newfoundland. They then proceeded westward, till they reached the shores of America, which they coasted ; and after exploring the Gulf of St. Lawrence, they

returned to England, in August 1497, without establishing any colony. About seven years after, Gaspar Cortereal, a Portuguese, visited the coast, and was wicked enough to kidnap some of the poor natives, whom he sold as slaves.



The principal person in the discovery of Canada, was Jacques Cartier, a native of St. Maloe's, engaged in the Newfoundland fishery, which had been established as early as 1517. This navigator, who was an exceedingly bold and enterprising man, at first undertook to ex-

plore the north coasts of America at his own risk ; but afterwards he received a commission from Francis the First, king of France, and with two vessels of sixty tons each, traversed the great Gulf of St. Lawrence, returning afterwards to France with two native Indians.

Francis again dispatched him with three ves-



sels, and a number of gentlemen as volunteers. In this trip, he sailed up the river St. Lawrence,

so called from its being discovered on the day of the festival of that Saint, and landed at a place since called Quebec, then the abode of an Indian chief, named Donnaconna. He then continued his course up the river in the pinnace and two boats, when he reached an island, in the middle of the stream, with a lofty mountain ; this he named Mount Royal, and which is now called Montreal.

Cartier was accompanied in his expedition up the St. Lawrence, by seven or eight young French gentlemen, and his boatswain, a sturdy English sailor, in whose vocabulary the words timidity, fear, cruelty, and hard-heartedness, were not written. This man, called Tom Shingle, had been selected to accompany Cartier, from his having on several occasions, in an open boat, explored many of the bays and inlets of the North American coast, during the fishing season ; and he had shown such self-possession and hardihood, as to make him a very valuable assist-

ant in an undertaking which required much energy, courage, and resolution.

As they passed up the St. Lawrence, they were delighted with the scenery of the noble river, and awed by the immense range of black forests that spread out on each side, or at the wide and inhospitable prairie, which occasionally made itself visible over the flat country.

The party had gone so far, that they did not think of returning to the ships that night, and made preparations for landing in order to take repose, of which they stood greatly in need. They accordingly looked out for a convenient place in which to spend the night, and at last came to a little cove, or inlet, that seemed well adapted to afford them the shelter they required. Here they drew up their boats, and after clearing out a square spot of about fifteen feet each way, by cutting down certain trees and branches of trees, secured a sail or two of the boat in such a manner as to defend them from the

damp, or wet, or wind, which might come during the night.

They then got their kettle ashore, made a fire, and drew themselves round it to take their evening meal. They had provided two or three small skins of wine, and after the fatigue of the day, were by no means slow in dispatching some prepared beef and rye bread, which at that time was the common food of the French.

After the repast, the Captain and the French gentlemen prepared for a nap, and spread their coats, sails, and other things, round them for this purpose. Cartier was a brave man, and had no fear either asleep or awake; but the French young gentlemen who were of the party, although making a great fuss about their courage, were in reality afraid of being surprised by the Indians in their slumbers, in which case, they knew that their bodies would form part of a sumptuous banquet on the morrow. Some were for lying down in one of the boats, and

mooring her at a distance from the shore, and others proposed that half of the number should go to sleep, while the other half acted as guards.

"Go to sleep the whole of ye," said Shingle; "What is man good for, if he cannot keep off a set of wild fellows but little better than the beasts of the field. Give me a pistol and a cut-las," said he, "and I will soon settle a dozen of 'em. Take your rest, and do not trouble yourselves about the danger, that is my look out."

This, however, was not listened to for a moment, and at the suggestion of the Commander, it was arranged, that two of the Frenchmen and the boatswain should keep watch till the early dawn, and that then, he would himself keep watch till the sun rose, while the former should take some rest. This arrangement having been acceded to by all, Cartier laid himself down, and the remainder following his example, the whole were soon in a profound slumber.

As the party proceeded slowly up the St. Lawrence, admiring the majestic beauty of the scenery, they were not aware that during three whole days' progress they had been narrowly watched by a tribe of Indians, which went by the name of Loupers, from the extraordinary agility with which, whether on their hands or feet, they traversed the open spots, or the wonderful dexterity with which they penetrated the closest and most knotted masses of forest bush. They had silently followed the boats during the whole day, and had determined at the first favourable opportunity, to pounce upon the interlopers, with a view to their utter extermination. It was from these tribes, that, a few years before, Cartier had stolen the two men whom he had sold for slaves ; and the wife of one of these, who was one of the party, cherished a horrible and bitter revenge for the cruel loss of her spouse.

It was she, who from the very beginning excited her tribe to follow the whites, and to

dodge them through the many mazy windings of the St. Lawrence. When the company put in towards the shore, her satisfaction exhibited itself in a wild hysterical cry of delight, which startled the deep silence of the forest, but which was taken by Cartier for the shriek of some wolf, or other beast of prey, and not being repeated, was thought no more of. As Cartier and his companions laid themselves down to sleep, the Indians on tip-toe drew towards them with their rude knives unsheathed, and tomahawks uplifted; and after creeping like serpents round the spot, stood ready to spring on their prey.

The Indian tribe of which I now speak, consisted of fourteen persons; four women, two of whom had children hanging behind their backs, in the Indian fashion, and ten men. The chief was a tall, powerful man, more than six feet high, of an excessive spare habit of body; so thin, indeed, was he, that his ribs stood out

on his side like those of a greyhound, and the angles of his various joints rendered him a hideous looking being, independent of his hollow and sunken eyes, and enormous mouth, which gave to his head a skeleton appearance. This meagreness of form did not, however, indicate muscular weakness; on the contrary, Thadaconna was the most agile and powerful of any of his tribe, and so great was his swiftness, that he had been known often to run down one of the wild buffaloes, so common on the banks of the St. Lawrence. His cognomen signified in the Indian language Hare's-foot; and he might have had also as an addendum to it, that of Lion's heart, for few men were so resolute and brave.

The adventurers were now all in a profound slumber, but Shingle and the Frenchman who stood as guards over the spot. The Frenchman was startled at every leaf, and was ever on the watch with a strained ear, towards any spot from

which the slightest sound or motion proceeded. On the contrary, the Englishman seemed as unconcerned, as if he had been securely at the Ship in Wapping, then a well-known rendezvous for English sailors. The only thing that seemed to trouble Shingle was the want of something to do. As to sit and watch over a heap of snoring Frenchmen, it was a task so un-English, that although he felt it right to do his duty, he had no partiality for it. Seeing the Frenchman's timidity, he thought it would while away the time, by amusing himself with him in the true spirit of an English tantalizer. The Frenchman was one of the dandies of that period, and had come out in the expedition more in the guise in which he would have entered the ball-room, than as a man fit for service. The costume of the reign of Francis the First was exceedingly elegant. There was the ruff and the ruffles, the light laced jerkin, the large buskin, and the slashed breeches, in all of which the

French hero was bedecked. To make himself appear doubly martial, he carried a long rapier, a brace of pistols, which were then quite the fashion, and a short stiletto, which was to serve him in close fight. As the night closed round them, Remnier, for that was his name, muffled up his head in his handkerchief, over which he drew his broad hat of the Spanish form, and ensconced himself against the back of one of the forest trees. Shingle had perched himself on the horizontal branch of an oak tree, that grew close to the ground, and with his leathern bottle in his hand, began to solace himself with that, and one of the songs of merry England:—

“ Oh, hie for merry England,
Far, far beyond the sea ;
Oh, hie for merry England,
Where every man is free.
Not like the slaves of France land,
Not like the ——— ”

"Whiff, there's a bear in the bush! Down with him lad; down with him," ejaculated the sailor.

The Frenchman with the rapidity of lightning started from his tree, and before Shingle could draw his cutlass, had jumped into the boat, cut the moorings, and was afloat on the St. Lawrence.

"Out upon you for a cowardly loon," said the sailor. "It was only a bug-bear,—not half so terrible as St. Anthony's pig. Come, and have another bout with him."

Whether the Frenchman did, or did not understand Shingle's French-English, I do not know; but certain it was he never attempted to leave the boat, which floated gradually down the stream.

This incident had been watched by the Indian tribe, who had by this time drawn themselves closely round the sleepers, with their knives and axes ready drawn and uplifted, to commence

their murderous attack. Fearing to lose any more of their victims, the war whoop was raised ; a loud piercing yell rose from the lips of Unaconna the female ; Thadaconna threw his skeleton form forward, and while he aimed a deadly blow at poor Shingle, the rest of the tribe fell upon the sleepers.

These were, however, in a moment on their feet. Cartier boldly confronted two of them, one of whom fell beneath his stroke. Shingle after parrying the tomahawk of the chief, closed with him, and gave him a taste of a Somersetshire throw, and he lay almost breathless on the ground. The other French gentleman, after a few strokes, attempted to join the boat, in which their companion was comfortably seated ; and after losing two of their party succeeded in getting into it, and out of harm or danger, took to their oars, and rowed down the stream with the rapidity of lightning.

While this was going on, Cartier was felled

with the blow of a tomahawk, given from behind by the chief's sister, who was more furious in her attack than any of the men ; while three of the Indians pressed upon Shingle with a determination to take his scalp, as soon they could put him into a position for so doing, by knocking him down. This, however, was not so easy a matter, and the discharge of one pistol, and then another in the faces of his assailants, so bewildered them, that they fell back, and Shingle darted like a ferret into the mazes of the forest.

He ran on, and on, as fast he could, threading the trees as it were with his body, and made his way as near as he could guess to the river's edge, and in the course of a few minutes, had the satisfaction to see the remainder of his party opposite to him, having in their panic, managed to run the boat upon a half-sunken tree which lay in their course.

Shingle called out to them to come and help to rescue their commander. He told them half

the Indians had been killed, and the other half could easily be served in the same way ; but they were deaf to all his entreaties, and begged of him to come aboard and help to protect them.

Sam turned back into the forest, not however, without sending as large a stone as he could find at the head of his former companions, and uttering a malediction, which he would never have endeavoured to realize. After his astonishment and indignation were passed off, and he began to cool a little, Sam discovered that he had received a cut across the back of the head, and a stab in the fleshy part of his back, by no means agreeable to a man, even if he has a couch to lie upon.

Sam did not despair of finding his way back to the point at which the ships had anchored, but he was determined not to do this, till he had ascertained the fate of his commander. Besides, he knew very well, that the blame of the whole

disaster, would be laid upon him by the French renagades, to save themselves from the suspicion of cowardice.

He, therefore, determined to hover about the Indians, and if he could not do his Captain any service, at all events to have a few shots at them, by way of settling the score between the parties.

After tearing up the sleeve of his shirt, and tying up his gashes as well he could, Sam directed his steps cautiously towards the spot where the recontre took place. In about half an hour he heard the sound of voices, and creeping on his hands and knees, through a mass of the thickest brush-wood, came at last to within a few yards of the Indians.

But what a scene presented itself; there lay the body of his Commander, extended apparently in the embrace of death, with four of the Indians within a few feet of him. Unaconna, the chief, and two of the tribe, were ransacking the boats which still remained on the bank, and ever

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and anon, the whole passed from one to the other the wine flagon, which seemed to be working most potently upon them.

While this was going on, Cartier once or twice opened his eyes, but immediately closed them again. Sam, however, whose anxiety about his Commander was very great, and who was watching for any motion or indication of life, took notice of it, and ejaculated to himself, "I'll get you out of this scrape, my boy, or I'm a Dutchman."

It was with great satisfaction that he saw the Indians, one after the other, sucking at the wine skins ; and to hear one of them, half intoxicated, ejaculate in the language of the Iroquois, and with a paralytic emotion of the lip, "Milk of the great Spirit! White man drink great Spirit's milk all day." And then he began to dance, in which the others joined most merrily, and seemed for a moment to forget that their companions were lying dead before them, and that their spirits called for vengeance.

But this merriment was of short continuance ; the wine skins were still plied, the liquor, in consequence of the quantity taken, produced a very



different effect. Their merriment was turned to the most diabolical madness of revenge. The women ran to the dead bodies, and howled over them ; the men tore their hair, and stamped their feet, and beat their breasts, in the most frantic manner.

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Cartier had by this time come to himself in a great measure, and was quite aware of his unfortunate condition. He was fearful to stir or move, lest he should be despatched outright; at the same time he considered his fate to be inevitable. Using great caution, Shingle had crept close round to the nearest distance from his Commander, and after one or two ineffectual attempts, gave him to understand that he was near him, by pushing through the long grass the spirit bottle.

Cartier's hopes now revived, but they were immediately dashed from him, by one of the Indian women coming howling towards him, and in her fury beating him on the head and face. Cartier, however, had presence of mind to lie quite still till her rage was somewhat abated.

Sam Shingle could scarcely refrain from letting fly at the least drunken of the tribe, and then to rush in upon the others and carry off his

Commander by main force, but was of opinion that he was too weak to stand, and therefore, paused.

Presently, one of the Indians came up, his features smeared with blood and dirt, and his whole person in a disfigured state; he was in the last stage of intoxication, and moved about in as many angles as there are in a French fortification, and at last he fell plump over the Commander. One of his fellows staggered to him, and stretched out his hand with a wavering expression, but before it could be grasped, he also fell prostrate beside his companion. During this incident, Shingle thrust the bottle close to the Commander's nose, and he contrived to take a copious draught, which revived him exceedingly.

The other Indians soon began to quarrel with each other, and the women were engaged in endeavouring to excite or pacify them, which, Shingle could not tell. At last, however, one

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came towards the spot where the drunken Indians had bestowed themselves, and pulling one who lay across Cartier away, began to make preparations for taking away his scalp.

Shingle observing this, levelled his pistol to shoot the Indian through the head, but foreseeing the consequences of this action, withdrew himself quickly into the brush-wood, and wheeling rapidly round to an opposite place to that at which he was, discharged his pistol in the air ; a wild whoop from the Indians immediately followed, and each man turned towards the place from which the report proceeded, but they were in such a state of intoxication as scarcely to know what they were about, and the night now was becoming dark, so they tumbled over each other, and lay sprawling about, some of them unable to rise. Shingle discharged his second pistol in another direction, and the tribe considered themselves surrounded, and those who were sober enough, ran off in different directions

through the wood ; at the same time Shingle darted out, seized the Commander by the body, and throwing him over his shoulder safely deposited him in one of the boats, which having



launched quick as thought itself, he saw himself and the Captain safely floating down the St. Lawrence.

Cartier had suffered greatly in the conflict ;

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he had been wounded severely in the head and arm, and had two or three flint cuts in different parts of his body. The scalp incision had also been made in his head, so that he was now bleeding dangerously.

Shingle acted as surgeon, apothecary, and nurse, on this occasion, with a prudence and dexterity rarely exhibited, and while the pinnacle floated slowly along, bound up the wounds of his Captain, and spoke a few words of comfort.

"This is a sharp brush your honour," said he. "Well, I think these Indians are the strangest dogs that ever I came across in all my life. They fight like tiger cats, and get drunk like Dutchmen. Why, Captain, they would have made a meal of you to-morrow, and we should have had to turn them all into so many grave stones, and write your epitaph with powder and shot on their filthy black bodies."

"How many of the poor creatures are slain?" said Cartier.

"The poor creatures you mean not one of them. The poor creatures went as glibly down the St. Lawrence, as ever an oyster went down the red lane of a true cockney, or a lump of green fat found its way into the stomach of an Alderman."

"What do you mean?" said Cartier.

"Mean, why I mean those poor creatures your honour brought from France, in their ruffle cuffs and long toasting forks. Why they left your honour, with as little concern for your loss, as a poor fellow leaves the apothecary's after his tooth is out."

"What then, did my good Frenchmen run away?"

"Did they not? You should have just seen how they took to their heels first, and to the boats afterwards. Frenchmen do not learn dancing for nothing, I am sure of that. Why, if every man had been a globe of quicksilver, he could not have moved himself off with greater celerity.

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If they had rode astride on a flash of lightning, they could not have got into the boat quicker. As to the poor Indians, I do not know how many of them are sent to the other place, but this I know, there are four of 'em *dead* as grog can make 'em."

Shingle enlivened the whole of the night by his descriptions of French valour, and his extraordinary execrations thereon ; he pulled stoutly through the stream, and just at the dawn of morning, had the satisfaction to find himself close upon the place where the ships lay, and which as I have told you, is now called Quebec.

When they got on board, they were astonished to find that those who had so unceremoniously left them, had not returned. The Captain gave orders for a party to go in search of them, which fell in with them about four miles up the river. It appeared, that fearful of being capsized by floating trees and the rapids, they had

dropped the kedge at a secure distance from the shore, and remained quietly till the day broke.

This was the first exhibition of French valour and enterprise on the St. Lawrence, and is well worthy to be recorded. As to Shingle, he obtained the command of one of the vessels, in the room of Count Rufflecuff, who was ashamed ever afterwards to show his face in Canada, or anywhere else.



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CHAPTER II.

ABOUT THE ORIGIN OF QUEBEC.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Martin Fro-
bisher was sent out with three ships on dis-
covery, and having discovered considerable
quantities of mundic mica or talc, which having
a yellow and glittering appearance, he concluded
to be gold, and brought home large quantities
of it, to the ruin of a great many adventurers,
who were so ignorant at that time as not to know
talc from gold. As to Canada at this period, it
seemed to be quite neglected. The French paid
little attention to it, and the few descendants
left by Cartier, were unheeded and unsuccoured.

About the year 1598, Henry the Fourth, king of France, appointed the Marquis de la Loche, his Lieutenant-General in Canada, with power to divide the land among such people as were willing to pay for military service. This sort of agreement used to be called Feudal termine. On the third of July 1608, Quebec, the future capital of what was to be called New France, was founded by Samuel Champlain. At this time, the various Indian tribes contiguous to the new settlement, namely, the Algougaings, the Hurons, &c., being at war with the Iroquois, or fire nation, solicited and obtained the aid of the French. Champlain taught them the use of fire-arms, which the Iroquois had also acquired from their English friends in the adjacent territory; and hence began those cruel wars, which have nearly exterminated the Indians of the North American continent.

Quebec did not rise very rapidly as a town; for fourteen years afterwards it was only inhabited

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by about forty persons. A company, however, was established in the territory, which excluded Protestants and other heretics from all benefits of the fur trade, while a body of Catholic soldiers was raised, to protect the company in their selfish bigotry. What a wicked thing selfishness is, and as to bigotry I do not know a term bad enough to express my abhorrence of it.

This wicked compact was not, however, suffered to prosper. The French were attacked by a squadron of English vessels, under the command of Sir David Kertk, who then advanced up the St. Lawrence, and captured Quebec. But peace between England and France being declared, Quebec was ceded to the latter, while Champlain the founder of it, came back from France, to which he had retired, to assume the Governorship of the territory.

After this, the emigration to New France was promoted by every possible means by the French

Government, and a martial spirit was imparted to the population, by the settling down of one thousand soldiers into a civil colony. War was at this time waging by the French colonists, against the Iroquois, or Mohawk Indians, who were then in alliance with the English colonists, then occupying the territories about New York ; and a French army consisting of twenty-eight companies of regular troops, and the whole militia of the country, marched seven hundred miles from Quebec into the Mohawk territory, during the depth of winter, for the purpose of utterly extirpating the Indians ; who, however, retired into the depth of their native forests, leaving only a few women and children, whom the French slew in cold-blooded cruelty. And what do you think, my young friends ? this massacre was celebrated in the church, or cathedral of Quebec, by a *Te Deum*, that is, a solemn thanksgiving to God ! When will mankind learn that God is a God of love and peace ?

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From this time the French Canadian settlers continued to increase, and just as they rose in power, began to assume an insolent air to the English settlers, on the New England frontier, which, you know, is possessed by the descendants of the same people, whom we call the Americans. The Canadians then made aggressions upon the British territories, and a harrasing and destructive border warfare was carried on, to the distress of both parties.

At first, the French Canadians had the help of the Indians, and could command the assistance of nearly all the tribes ; but the English, seeing this, prevailed upon some of the aborigines to assist them, and this turned the scale in favour of the English. The war now became doubly dreadful. The Indians, ferocious in the extreme, gave no quarter. The war-whoop of the victor and the death-shriek of the vanquished were almost simultaneous ; and, while the body of the slain served as food to the savage, the scalp

of the white man was a trophy of glory, and a booty of considerable value to the possessor: for to the dishonour of the French be it spoken, forty livres were paid for every Englishman's scalp so taken. Does this not make you shudder?

But this was not so bad as some things that were done, even according to the French accounts. On one occasion the French sent a strong force into the country, to revenge the slaughter the Indians had made at Montreal sometime before, and massacred a large number of the unresisting Indian inhabitants of Shenectaday. The Indians whom the French took prisoners in this affair, were *cut into pieces, and boiled to make soup for the Indian allies, who accompanied the French*. This, I suppose, was what the French called, giving a specimen of European colonization and civil polity.

The massacre of the Indians at Shenectaday by the French, made the Iroquois and other

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nations more attached to the English ; and the French instead of being able to act as aggressors, were forced to defend themselves. The New England colonists fitted out an expedition, part to proceed by land to the French territories, and part by sea. A fleet, under Sir W. Phipps, with a small army on board, was sent round by sea to attack Quebec, but owing to unskilful management the expedition entirely failed. The English fleet first attacked Quebec, without waiting for the land forces, and were beaten. When the land forces arrived they were beaten also ; so that they were beaten in detail, as the engineers say.

There was a vast difference between the English and French at this time. The French were for obtaining military power and conquest. The English wished only to extend trade, science, and the arts, in a liberal spirit, undisturbed by war. But, if one man will fight, the other must either fight and defend himself, or run away and get

laughed at. The English, though very pacific, are not disposed to do the latter.

The French Canadians were determined, if possible, to have all the land for themselves ; and in the year 1726, the country was put under the government of the Marquis de Beauharnois, a son of the king of France, who seemed bent on aggrandizing his own nation at the expense of the English, and to confine them to the boundary of the Alleghany mountains, and prevent their approach to the lakes, the St. Lawrence, and the Mississippi. He and his soldiers went in great pomp and parade to fix the line of boundary, over which the English were not to pass ; leaden plates were sunk, and high posts were set up, emblazoned with the walls of France ; and so much haughtiness and cupidity were displayed, that the Indians were alarmed, and joined the English in the determination to expel the French entirely, if they did not act more fairly.

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After this, the French continued to enforce their power whenever they could. They often seized the English as prisoners, and treated them very severely. They erected forts to keep the possessions they claimed as theirs, and then the English were forced to do the same; one in particular, called Fort Necessity, was erected, and a garrison was dispatched from Virginia, under the afterwards celebrated George Washington. On his march, he was stopped by the troops belonging to another fort, under M. De Jamouville, who told the English to go no further at their peril. This was answered by a volley of musketry, which killed Jamouville and several of his men. The French commandant, however soon after invested Fort Necessity, and obliged Washington to capitulate.

Things went on in this way for some time. The last French Governor in Canada, was the Marquis De Vaudreuil, who defeated our brave but rash General Braddock, in one of the defiles

of the Alleghany mountains. He had entered a gorge of the mountains where retreat was im-



possible, and volleys of musketry were poured upon him and his followers, from the heights and bushes surrounding him, without his even

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seeing his assailants. Braddock fell at the onset, and it was with great difficulty, that George Washington rescued the remainder of the British army. After this, the army was recruited by provincials, and then attacked three thousand of the French, commanded by the Baron Deiskau.

France now sent out a large body of chosen troops, under the command of Major General the Marquis De Montcalm, who invested several forts, and forced the Governors to surrender. Among other forts, one called Fort George, was invested and captured, and the English prisoners, amounting to two thousand men, were brutally massacred, whilst on their march to Fort Edward, by the Indian allies of the French, the latter pretending that they could not prevent it. Nobody, however, believed them, and this monstrous act roused the indignation and rage of the English, both in England and in America to such a pitch, as to hasten the downfall of the dominion of the French in Canada.

France reinforced her Canadian garrisons, but Pitt, Earl of Chatham, then Prime Minister, infused such a noble spirit into the councils of the king and the British people, that it was resolved to invade Canada, and expel the French; twenty ships of the line, twelve frigates, two fifty-gun ships, and fourteen smaller vessels, were destined for this enterprise. The force was divided, so as to make an attack in three points, but Quebec was the chief point of attack. The forces for this place, were under the command of the heroic General Wolfe, and amounted to about eight thousand men. The Marquis de Montcalm made vigorous preparations for defending Quebec; his force consisted of about thirteen thousand men. Wolfe made an attack on his entrenchments, which were arranged from the falls of Montmorency to the river St. Lawrence, with a view of opposing the landing of the British forces. Wolfe was unsuccessful in this attack, having one hundred and eighty-two

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men killed, and four hundred and fifty wounded. In consequence of this repulse, he sent dispatches to England, stating his doubts of being able to reduce Quebec during that campaign.



Falls of Montmorency.

While the army of Wolfe was uncertain as to how it should proceed, it was open to continual aggressions and annoyances, not so much from the regular troops of the French, as from the Indian warriors or hunters, whom they had

enlisted in their service. These sallied out of their impenetrable forests and jungles, and with their arrows and tomahawks, committed deadly waste upon the British army, surprising their sentinels, cutting off stragglers, and even when the alarm was given, and pursuit commenced, they fled with a swiftness, that the speed of cavalry could not overtake, into rocks and fastnesses, whither it was dangerous to follow them.

In order to limit as far as possible this species of war, in which there was so much loss and so little honour. It was the custom with every regiment, to extend its outposts to a great distance beyond the encampments; to station sentinels some miles in the woods, and keep a constant guard round the main body.

A regiment of foot was at this time stationed upon the confines of an almost boundless Savannah. Its particular office was to guard every avenue of approach to the main body;

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the sentinels, whose posts penetrated into the woods, were supplied from the ranks, and the service of this regiment was thus more hazardous than that of any other. Its loss was likewise great. The sentinels were perpetually surprised upon their posts by the Indians, and were borne off their stations, without communicating any alarm or being heard of afterwards.

Not a trace was left of the manner in which they had been conveyed away, except upon one or two occasions a few drops of blood had appeared upon the leaves which covered the ground. Many imputed this unaccountable disappearance to treachery; and suggested, as an unanswerable argument, that the men thus surprised, ought at least to have fired off their muskets, and communicated the alarm to the contiguous posts; others, who could not be brought to consider it treachery, were content to receive it as a mystery which time would reveal.

One morning the sentinels having been posted

as usual over night, the guard went at sun-rise to relieve a post, which extended to a considerable distance into the wood. The sentinel was gone! The surprise was great, but the circumstance had occurred before. They left another man and departed wishing him better luck. "You need not be afraid," said the poor fellow with warmth; "and I have too much British blood in me for that."

The relief company returned to the guard-house. The sentinels were replaced every four hours, and at the appointed time the guard again marched to relieve the post. To their inexpressible astonishment, the guard was gone! They searched round the spot, but no traces could be found of his disappearance; another man was left, and again at the appointed time the guard visited the place, but as on former occasions, the man had vanished. The rumour of these sudden disappearances had awakened the superstitions of the soldiers, and the terror

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ran through the regiment, till it reached the ears of Wolfe, who immediately hastened with his staff to the spot. Every part of the surrounding district was examined, but without effect; the man was gone. Wolfe hesitated whether he should place a whole company on the spot, or again submit the post to a single sentinel. The cause of these sudden disappearances of men, whose courage and honesty it was wrong to suspect, must be discovered; and it seemed not likely that this discovery could be obtained by persisting in the old method. Three apparently brave men were already lost to the regiment, and to assign the post to a fourth, seemed nothing less than giving him up to destruction. The poor fellow whose turn it was to take the station, though a man in other respects of good courage, trembled from head to foot.

“I will have no man,” said Wolfe, “against his will.”

A man immediately stepped from the ranks

and offered to take the post, in the true spirit of a British soldier.

"No, no, my good fellow," said Wolfe. "This is a post of danger, and there is a mystery about it of the highest importance to unravel. I will myself hold this post, and it shall go hard, but I discover the cause of these sudden disappearances of my brave companions."

The staff in vain endeavoured to persuade the General, to have some one or more of the soldiers with him. "No," said he, "that will defeat my object. All that I require is, that the moment you hear the report of fire-arms, to hasten to the spot as quick as possible."

Wolfe now equipped himself in the soldier's great coat, knapsack, and cap, and shouldering his musket, took his station on the spot. "Now," said he, "retire; but be sure of this, if a leaf falls, or a bird chatters, or ought occurs to give the least occasion of alarm, I will fire. It is for you to answer it."

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The staff and picquet company retired, and General Wolfe was left by himself, prepared for some strange adventure, the nature of which he could not guess. More than an hour elapsed, and not the slightest indication of any molestation occurred ; another hour passed by, and it was now dead midnight. It was a still calm night, and the stars stood brightly in the clear blue of a Canadian sky. Presently the grunting of a hog was heard among the underwood, at no great distance ; but as it was common for those animals, at that season of the year, to be hunting for the oak and beech-mast, Wolfe did not look upon it in the light of an intruder, but rather as a companion to him in his solitude.

Wolfe stood still, and observed the animal pushing his way beneath the long grass, roots, and fallen leaves, every now and then adding to his progress the music of a grunt. The General kept his eyes vigilantly fixed upon it, more for the sake of observing its motions, than from

any apprehension of it. The animal seemed to make for a thick coppice immediately behind where he stood. Just as it approached the thicket, it seemed to give an unusual spring, much too nimble for a hog. Conviction now flashed across the mind of Wolfe, and at the same moment he discharged his piece, and the animal was immediately stretched out before him, with a groan, which proved it to be a human creature. He went up to it and discovered, what he expected, that it was an Indian in this strange disguise.

In a few minutes after the discharge of the piece, the company, which had retired, rushed to the post, and there found their General advancing towards them, dragging a strange-looking thing towards them, which might have passed for Caliban, in Shakspeare's play of the Tempest.

When they examined the object in the guard-house, they found that the Indian had enveloped

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himself in the skin of one of the wild hogs so artfully and completely, his hands and feet were so entirely concealed in it, and his gait and appearance had so exactly corresponded, that imperfectly as they are always seen, through the trees and jungles, the disguise could be scarcely penetrated by daylight, much less by starlight. He was armed with a dagger and tomahawk, and completely equipped for doing mischief.

The cause of the disappearance of the other sentinels was now apparent. The Indians, sheltered in this disguise, secreted themselves in the coppice, watched the moment when they could throw it off, burst upon the sentinels, without any previous alarm, and too quick to give them an opportunity to discharge their pieces, either stabbed or scalped them, and bore their bodies away, which they concealed at some distance among the leaves. This practice arose entirely from the French giving a hand-

some reward for every English head or scalp brought to them.

I need not tell you, that this noble, courageous, and considerate conduct of General Wolfe, endeared him greatly to the whole army. The General who shares to the fullest extent the dangers of his men, and who is never unwilling to take the most hazardous posts, is the only man to succeed in the command of an army: such were Wolfe, Washington, and Wellington.



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CHAPTER III.

THE TAKING OF QUEBEC.

Prudence and foresight should be the characteristics of everybody. No one can do without these two little virtues, which are not thought half so much of, in this world, as they ought to be. Prudence and forethought, valuable as they are to every man, are much more valuable to the General of an army. Wolfe possessed these virtues in a high degree; and after this strange affair with the Canadian hog, he immediately called a council of war. He showed, that the fire of the ships in the late attack, which had passed and repassed Quebec, had done little

damage to the citadel, though the lower town had been nearly destroyed. He proved, that further attacks on the Montmorency intrenchments were hopeless; and he, therefore, proposed, as the only chance of success, to gain the heights of Abraham, behind the city, which commanded the weakest part of the fortress.

This was no sooner proposed than it was agreed to, and no sooner agreed to than it was put into execution, with an address, secrecy, and silence, which have never been surpassed in warfare. The soldiers had to climb up the precipice, by the aid of branches of shrubs, and roots of trees growing among the rocks. The attempt was made in the darkness of the night, and in the morning, the whole British force was ranged in order of battle on the heights, to the perfect astonishment of De Montcalm, who thought such a feat quite impossible. But the word impossible is not found in the English soldier's dictionary.

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De Montcalm immediately prepared to meet the British, and sallied forth from his strong fortress with the greatest celerity, and the English prepared to meet them, with the most determinate coolness. Both armies were almost without artillery, the French having but two guns, and the English only one, which the sailors had dragged up the heights with ropes. When the armies met, therefore, the sabre and the bayonet decided the contest; the French fought with great desperation and fury, owing to their having been excited by the French priests against the English heretics. Both generals headed their respective armies; De Montcalm was as brave as his illustrious opponent, and both rushed with eagerness into the thickest of the fight, each eager to turn, with his presence, the fortune of the day. Wolfe charged at the head of the grenadiers of the 22nd, 40th, and 45th regiments, and pressed on with every chance of victory. He had been wounded in the

early part of the battle, but refused to leave the field: faint with the loss of blood, and overpowered with the exertion of the last bold charge, he staggered, and leaned against the shoulders of one of his officers, while the purple stream of life ebbed away from his heart. Just as he was sinking to the earth, he heard the cry, "They run! they run!" "Who run?" exclaimed the dying hero. "The French," returned his supporter. "Then I die contented," were the last words of a Briton, who expired in the arms of victory.

Almost at the same moment the French general perished, rejoicing in his last moments, that he should not live to witness the surrender of Quebec; and both the conquered and conquerors joined in their tribute of admiration to the memory of these two heroes, for Montcalm was a brave soldier, and was greatly lamented by all parties.

This battle decided the fate of the French

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dominions in Canada. Five days after, the citadel of Quebec was surrendered, and occupied by General Murray with a force of five thousand men, and the British fleet sailed for England.

No people had more cause for gratitude than the Canadians had, for this capture of their country, as they had been vilely plundered, in every sort of way, by the French. The English acted with great forbearance and generosity, and showed that the government at home had the sole good of the colonists at heart; and that to improve their situation, and to make them free British subjects was the great aim.

The population of Canada, on her conquest by the British, was only about 65,000, inhabiting a narrow slip of land on the banks of the St. Lawrence, and chiefly employed in agriculture; but few as were the numbers, their condition was equally to be improved, and it was the ambition of England to improve it.

Things went on smoothly in Canada for some time, till, in the year 1775, the British Colonists in North America, cast off their allegiance to England, and styled themselves Americans. They had no sooner established their independence, but they attempted to seize on Canada, which but a few years before they had assisted the English in conquering from the French. The American forces, therefore, invaded Canada by Lake Champlain, and from the sources of the Kennebec river, under Major Montgomery. They took Montreal, Chamby, St. John's, and Longueuil; which you should look for in the map, to enable you to understand what I am talking about. Another division of the army, under Colonel Arnold, was not so successful; though it might have taken Quebec, as it was at that time almost defenceless, from the British general Corleton, having left it to attack Montgomery; but finding Arnold approaching, he dexterously contrived to elude him, and arrived

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at Quebec just in time to put it in a proper state of defence.

When Montgomery arrived before the place, he found it in a gallant posture of defence, and, although the whole force amounted only to 1800 men, 450 of which were seamen, determined to resist till the last. Montgomery besieged or blockaded the town through the whole of the month of December, and on the last night of the same, under the cover of a furious snow-storm, approached the citadel with a view to carry it by storming. He came cautiously and silently on, trusting to the howling of the elements to drown the sound of the footsteps of his troops ; but a vigilant sentinel heard the approach, and immediately challenged the intruders ; receiving no answer, he roused the British guard, and in a few minutes, the English troops, and Canadian militia, opened a tremendous fire on the enemy from the artillery, which commanded the path by which Montgomery's troops were approach-

ing. The groans and howlings of the number that were shot or maimed, immediately revealed the enemy; and when every sound, in answer to the fire, had died away, then only did the besieged give over firing.

In the morning, when they looked over the ramparts, not a trace was to be seen of the murderous work, for nature had wrapped the dead in her winding-sheet of snow. Montgomery had fallen in the carnage. Although a few severe attacks were made by his successors in command, yet the siege was raised in May, and the Americans went back to their own country.

From this time, 1776, to 1812, Canada remained in a state of tranquillity, and free from foreign aggression; and like all other people enjoying peace, soon began to feel prosperity. The population increased, and the arts and manufactures began to improve the physical and mental condition of the people. But in this year, the

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Americans resolved to declare war against England and invade Canada, and they supposed that the mass of the people would turn on their side.

But they were quite mistaken in this ; for so far from the people of Canada wishing to assist the Americans, they were very well satisfied with the English Government, and prepared to defend themselves, and soon beat the Americans back again. But this was not enough for the Americans ; for a few months after they collected another force, and crossed into Upper Canada at Queenston, and overpowered the small detachment stationed there. After this several skirmishes and signal engagements took place, generally to the disadvantage of the Americans. But still they continued hostilities, and after the ice disappeared, they set out with a superior naval force, and landed and took possession of York, the capital of Upper Canada, destroyed the public buildings, wreaked their vengeance on a

printing press, and destroyed the frame of a ship building for the British service on the lake.

They also carried on their war with vigour, and had very nearly conquered Upper Canada, but were at last driven back ; and the English retaliated upon the American frontiers.

Although most of the Indians were very ferocious, yet still there were some who had the feelings of men. I will relate a story to you, which will illustrate what I mean.

During the wars, a company of the Indians attacked a small detachment of the British troops and defeated them. As the Indians had greatly the advantage in swiftness of foot, and were eager in the pursuit, very few of the fugitives escaped, and those who fell into the enemies' hands were treated with a cruelty too horrible to mention. Two of the Indians came up with a young officer and attacked him with great fury. As they were armed with tomahawks he had no hope of escape, and thought only of selling his

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life as dearly as he could ; but just at this crisis another Indian came up, who seemed to be advanced in years, and was armed with bow and



arrows. The old man instantly drew his bow, but after having taken aim at the officer, he suddenly dropped the point of his arrow, and interfered between him and his pursuers, who were about to cut him to pieces. They returned at

his bidding. The old man then took the officer by the hand, soothed him into confidence by his caresses, and having conducted him to his hut, treated him with a kindness which did honour to his profession.

He made him his companion, taught him the language of the country, and instructed him in the rude arts that are practised by the Indians. They lived together for a long time in the most cordial amity, and the young officer found nothing to regret, but that sometimes the old man fixed his eyes upon him, and regarding him for some minutes with a steady and silent attention, burst into tears.

In the mean time the spring returned, and the Indians, having recourse to their arms, again took the field. The old man, who was still vigorous, and able to bear the fatigues of war, set out with them, and was accompanied by his prisoner.

They marched above two hundred leagues across the forest, and came at last to a plain

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where the British forces were encamped. The old man showed his prisoner the tents at a distance, at the same time remarked his countenance with the most diligent attention. "There," said he, "are thy countrymen; there is the enemy who waits to give us battle. Remember that I have saved thy life, that I have taught thee to construct a canoe, and to arm thyself with bow and arrow, to surprise the beaver in the forest, to wield the tomahawk, and to scalp the enemy. What wast thou when I first took thee to my hut? Thy hands were like those of an infant, fit neither to procure thee sustenance nor safety. Thy soul was in utter darkness, thou wast ignorant of every thing, and thou owest much to me. Wilt thou go over to thy nation and take up the hatchet against us?"

The officer replied, that he would rather lose his own life, than take away that of his deliverer.

The Indian then bending down his head, and

covering his face with both his hands, stood some time silent. Then looking earnestly at his prisoner, and in a voice softened by tenderness and grief, said, "Hast thou a Father?"

"My Father," said the young man, "was alive when I left my country."

"Alas!" said the Indian, "how wretched must he be." He paused a moment, and then added, "Dost thou know that I have been a father? I am a father no more. I saw my son fall in battle; he fought by my side; I saw him expire; but he died like a man. He was covered with wounds when he fell dead at my feet; but I have revenged him." He pronounced these words with the utmost vehemence, his body shook with a universal tremor, and he was almost stifled with sighs that he would not suffer to escape him. There was a keen restlessness in his eye; but no tear would flow to his relief. At length he became calm by degrees, and turning towards the east, where the sun was then

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rising, "Dost thou see," said he to the young officer, "the beauty of that sky which sparkles with prevailing day, and hast thou pleasure in that sight?"



"Yes," replied the young officer, "I have pleasure in the beauty of so fine a sky."

"I have none," said the Indian ; and his tears then found their way.

A few minutes after, he showed the young man a magnolio in full bloom. "Dost thou see that beautiful tree," said he, "and dost thou look upon it with pleasure?"

"Yes," replied the officer, "I do look with pleasure on that beautiful tree."

"I have pleasure in looking upon it no more," said the Indian hastily ; and immediately added, "Go, return back, that thy father may still have pleasure when he sees the sun rise in the morning, and the trees blossom in the spring."

The Americans still continued their attack upon our Canadian provinces, and penetrated more than a hundred miles into Upper Canada, plundering the property, and destroying the dwellings of the loyal inhabitants. But the British were too active for them, and some British naval officers and seamen, sent overland from York, captured, in open boats, two American

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armed schooners, on Lake Huron ; and preparations were making to secure the command of the lake, and even recover that of Lake Erie ; but just at this auspicious moment, news was brought that a treaty of peace was signed between the United States and Great Britain, on the 18th of February, 1815. But this treaty was considered by no means honourable to England ; it was a good thing, however, for the Americans, who were extremely pleased to get quietly away from a place in which they were sure to be beaten.

Well, it seems strange to old Peter Parley, that a nation like England, which had stood against the greatest military power in the world, when all other nations had been humbled by it, should have been glad to make peace without securing the country from further aggression ; and I do not think the Government acted fairly to the people.

It was rather strange that when Canada

wanted defence, and England had plenty of ships and men, that they should not have sent a good force to protect the loyal people. When England had sent an army into the United States, and made the Americans suffer for meddling with what did not belong to them, then she might have concluded a peace. But I suppose it is best as it is. Heaven knows we have had quite enough of war, and "To study to be quiet and attend to our own business," is as good for nations as individuals.

I have now told you all I can recollect about the history of the Canadas, and some things that befel the early settlers and the fighting people. I shall now give you a description of the country, and about the many curious things that are to be found there, and the beautiful scenery, and other like matters. After this, I shall give you an account of emigration to Canada, and then show you the present state of the country. For a while then I shall say farewell.

CHAPTER IV.

PARLEY GIVES A DESCRIPTION OF THE BRITISH POSSESSIONS
IN NORTH AMERICA, ALSO AN ACCOUNT OF HIS VOYAGE
ROUND THE ST. LAWRENCE.

HAVING told you a little of the history of Canada, I shall now endeavour to give you some notion of this interesting country, as regards its geographical situation, its physical features, and its natural history. That is to say, in plainer language, I shall tell you about its situation in relation to other parts of the globe, and its divisions into various districts. Then I shall tell you of its rivers, mountains, lakes, forests, and other similar matters. Besides this, I shall give you an account of the birds, beasts, and fishes,

and other animals common to the country, and of the native inhabitants which go by the general name of Indians; so that when I have finished I trust you will know a good deal about Canada.

First, then, if you look at the map, you will see that Canada forms a northern part of that large portion of land which goes by the name of North America, which lies on the opposite side of the Atlantic ocean, and is about three thousand miles from Great Britain. The continent of North America is much larger than the whole of Europe, being three thousand miles in breadth and almost five thousand miles in length. A great portion of this continent belongs to the Americans; and if you look in the map, you will see that their territories come close up to a line which is marked red on one side and yellow on the other, nearly even with forty-five degrees of latitude. All that portion of the country which is marked by the red line

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at present belongs to England, but how long it will continue to belong to it seems to be quite uncertain.

There is a portion of the same part of the continent which is bounded by the bay of Fundy on the south, and the bay of Chaleur on the north, with the Northumberland strait on the east. All this part is coloured green, and bears the name of New Brunswick. The possessions of Great Britain also comprehend this New Brunswick, with Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, Cape Breton, St. John's, and Prince Edward's Island. The population of all these places called our North American Colonies amounts to about a million and half of people.

If you look at the map again, you will see a large river; now take the point of a pen and traverse this river from its mouth as far as you can go by water. I remember well enough when I first entered this river, although I had been in much larger rivers, that it struck me as being

one of the most noble and majestic rivers in the world. When you think of a river, you imagine a small stream that you can row across in a few minutes, and see from shore to shore with the greatest ease, but what would you think of the American rivers, some of which are nearly five hundred miles over at their mouths. The St. Lawrence is not so large as this, but it is nearly a hundred miles from shore to shore at its entrance, and the passengers on a ship in the middle of the stream for a long way up cannot see the land; the only indication that I had of being in the river was from now and then a bird being seen winging its way across. The captain of our steam ship, the Great Western, had a canary, and he said he could always tell when we were in the river by the cheerful motions of his bird; and I really do think that the poor little fellow knew he was getting away from sea danger, for he sang sweetly enough and seemed as merry as a cricket.

When I had been in the river two days, I began to catch a sight of the banks on the south side, but could see little else than a blue hazy looking line of what I was told was the coast; after a few hours' farther sailing, as the sun got more to the westward, wild and woody mountains began to show themselves with their bold rocky shores and sweeping bays; to these were added, as we advanced, little white specks, which I was told were towns and villages to the south; at last I got a glimpse of the north side, which rose up in lofty mountains and seemed almost divested of verdure.

If you look in the map you will see where I am now got to, just opposite the Isle of Bic. Here I began to perceive something like civilization; on both sides of the river the country assumed a more genial aspect; I could see fields and cottages on the sides of the mountains, and what was delightful to me was the appearance of here and there a village church, with its little

spire "pointing like a silent finger unto heaven." Their chimes are generally made of tin. The south side of the river seems to have more inhabitants than that of the north ; but then the north is the most picturesque as regards the natural beauty of the scenery.

Green Island, which you will see in the river, if you look in the map, is thronged with villages and farms on the south side ; most of the buildings have tin roofs ; that is to say, the principal ones, the others are covered with shingles. As to thatched or slated roofs I scarcely saw one ; but the shingles soon acquire the appearance of slates, and can hardly be distinguished from them.

I could not but laugh at one of the buildings ; and I found afterwards that many of the buildings in Canada were the same ; it was a rose-coloured or red-house. Sometimes I have seen such things in London : there is one in Bishopsgate-street, at a baker's ; and a red house and a

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yellow one at Holborn Bridge, which look strange enough. These houses are painted thus whimsically to increase the trade of the inhabitants, by making them conspicuous, so that people cannot pass by them without thinking of the commodities sold in them. The red and coloured houses of Canada are, however, a matter of *pure* taste. This house had a rose-coloured outside, a rose-coloured roof, with grass-green shutters, and a blue door. I dare say the occupier of it thought it a very *fine* house, and so it was.

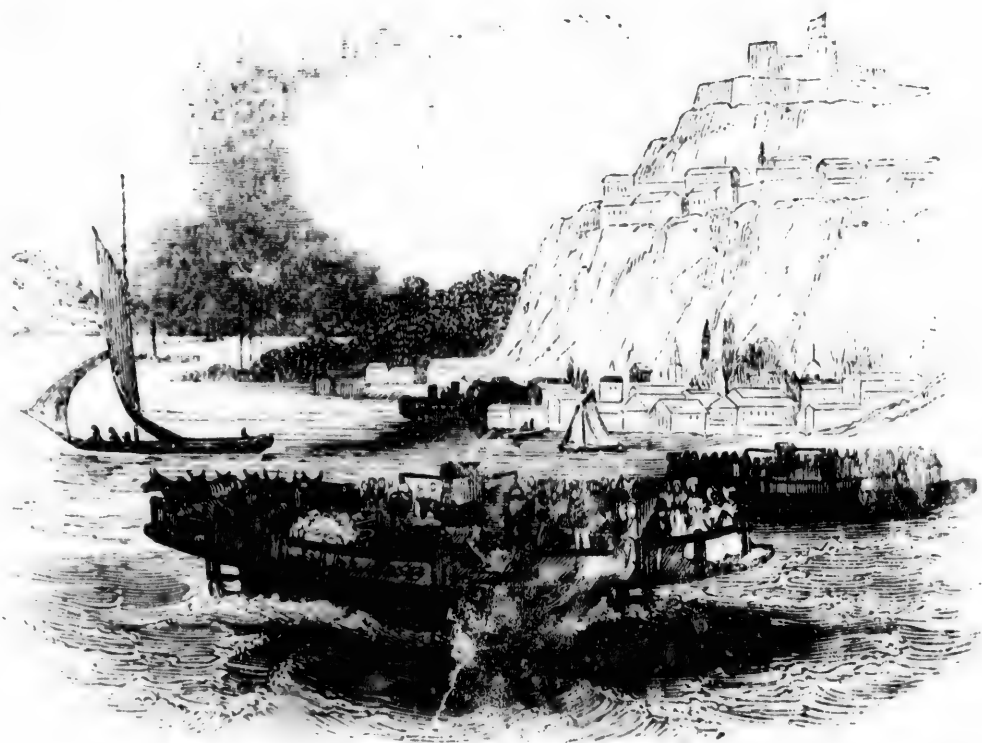
As I passed along, one or two other islands fell in my way; there was Crane Island, a very beautiful spot; in the background are the populous and lovely settlements of the colonists; behind it, to the north, rise a lofty range of mountains, their sides studded with rural villages, pleasant farms, and fields. Gros Island is also a beautiful rocky island covered with groves of beech, birch, ash, and fir trees. I should like to have gone ashore and explored

this beautiful island, with its waving groves of green, its little nooks and bays, and its pretty inlets. I was, however, forced to be contented with stepping ashore for an hour only, and with getting a few strawberries, raspberries, and flowers. This island is just five-and-twenty miles from Quebec.

I next came within view of Quebec. On one side, when I looked, I beheld before me an extent of country richly cultivated, terminating in a ridge of mountains. Quebec itself stands on the sides and summit of a magnificent rock, on the highest point of which (Cape Diamond) stands the fortress overlooking the river. The city seems as if it had a mind to be capital over the whole world, as Rome once was, so proudly does it tower over the whole country.

Cape Diamond is 350 feet from the water's edge, and is crowned with an impregnable citadel surrounded by strong battlements. The heights on the opposite sides of the river are

also highly picturesque. The river itself is here just a mile across. There is no bridge, but this inconvenience is provided against by extraordinary large ferry boats which will take over a



large number of men and women, horses, cows, pigs, with market baskets of vegetables, hay, and corn, and many other things. There are four-

teen or fifteen of these strange-working things ; and how do you think they are rowed over ? not by men with oars, nor yet by steam, but by horses working as they work in a mill, that work round and round in the centre of the boat, by which they give motion to the paddles at each side. This is not quite so convenient as London Bridge or the Thames Tunnel, but it does very well ; and the only disaster I saw was the overturning of a crate which contained half a dozen pigs. These made such a strange effort to swim that everybody laughed, and great sport it made to some people to see the animals taken into the boat again.

Quebec is a tolerably good-sized place, the population being about twenty-five thousand ; the town is divided into two, one of which is called the upper and the other the lower town.

There are a number of fine buildings in Quebec ; among the rest the castle of St. Louis,

which stands on the summit of the rock. Then there is a Roman Catholic cathedral and a Protestant cathedral. There are also barracks, hospitals, the Quebec bank, and other places worthy of notice.

But the fortifications of Quebec are the most remarkable: cannon meets you at every step on the heights. The works are exceedingly formidable, extending over more than forty acres. If you go up one street, at the top of it you are sure to meet a range of cannon with their open mouths looking at you. If you go down another, you have a range of twenty-four pounders staring at you, as much as to say, What business have you here? I suppose if Quebec was properly defended with British soldiers it would be as impregnable as Gibraltar; indeed, it is called the Gibraltar of the New World.

On the west, in front of the citadel, are the celebrated plains of Abraham, on which Wolf and Montcalm fought and perished in the way

I have told you. Lord Dalhousie has erected a monument to these two rival heroes—ay, to both of them, although one was the enemy of Britain. This shows a noble feeling, and pleased the French Canadians very much.

The monument is that of an obelisk rising from a sarcophagus, the former of which is forty-two feet, and the other seven feet. The dimensions at the base are about six feet. If you can understand a bit of Latin I will give you the inscription. I will not tell you its meaning, because if you are learning Latin at school it will be a good exercise for you to translate it. If you are not learning that language, you will see that it is of some use. Here is the inscription :

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If you look at the map again, you will see that the St. Lawrence winds in a westerly course. You must consider now that I am going to Montreal, and that I am about to tell you something about the places between Quebec and Montreal. As soon as I had passed Quebec, I found that the river widened considerably, and the banks on each side were much lower, but the country was very beautiful and rich in groves, orchards, and corn-fields. I ought to have told you that near Quebec were built those two immense ships called the Columbus and Baron of Renfrew. The length of the Columbus on deck was 320 feet, breadth 50 feet, depth 40 feet; she had four gigantic masts; and 300 tons were put on board of her before launching. I saw this great ship lying in the Thames some years ago, and I remember people used to go down to look at her, and wonder however such a ship could be built.

Well, to go on with my voyage up the river St.

Lawrence. About forty-five miles above Quebec is Richelieu rapid. Perhaps you do not know what I mean by a rapid, therefore I must tell you. At the bottom of a river the ground or bed is sometimes very uneven, there is occasionally a considerable fall of it of many feet, but pretty level of course; when the water runs over these places, as the descent is greater, it runs over much more *rapidly*. This continues sometimes a considerable distance, and makes it rather dangerous for boats to descend the river, and almost impossible to ascend it without advantage is taken by keeping close to the edge, or by the tides setting upwards. Such places are called rapids—and rapid enough is a boat's course upon them I can tell you.

I found the further I got up the country the more fertile it was. I saw several fields of Indian corn in full flower. This Indian corn is a very beautiful grain, and looks extremely brilliant when ripening in the sunshine. Besides this, I

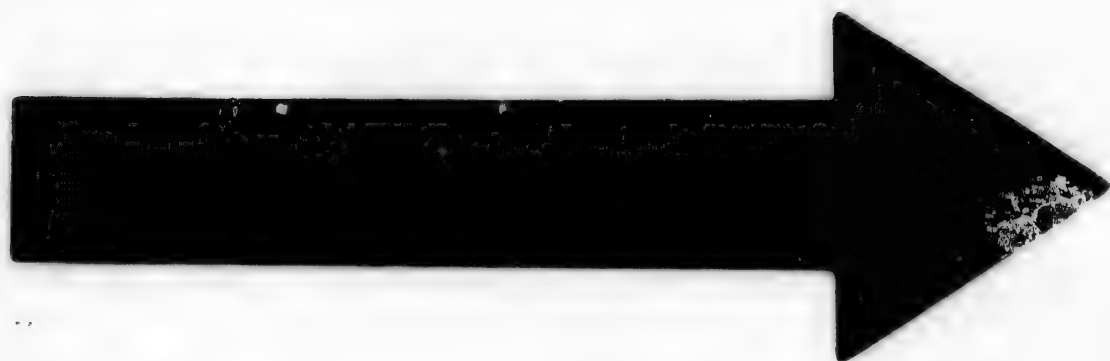
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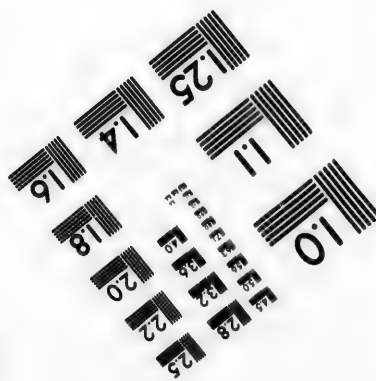
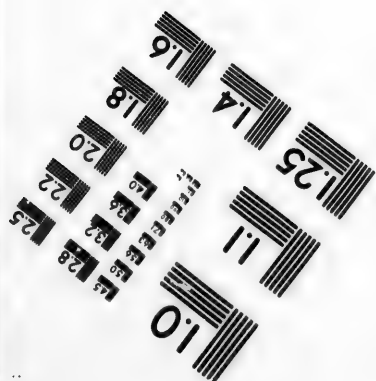
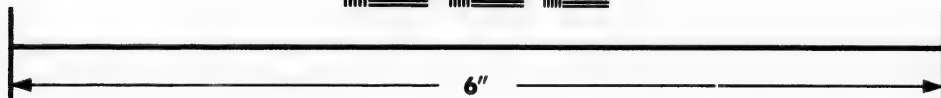
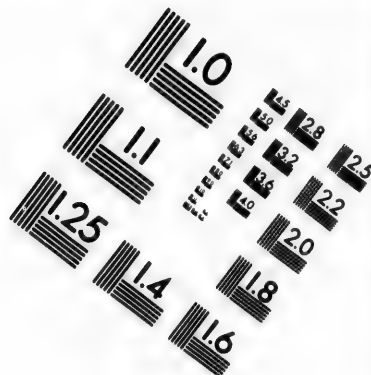
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saw several fields of tobacco, which has a very pretty appearance when in bloom. Here is a picture of the tobacco plant :



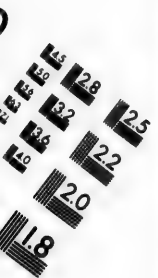
About six miles above the rapids the St. Lawrence expands itself into a level country as far as lake St. Peter, which you will see is marked on the map: this is about twenty miles long by fifteen broad, but very shallow. In those parts of the St. Lawrence where the channel is rendered difficult by shoals and banks, there are occasionally little light-houses upon wooden





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posts, not much larger than pigeon houses. These droll little pigmy houses are inhabited by persons who light them at night to warn those going up or down the river.

From this place to Montreal, the whole of the scenery is very beautiful: richly-cultivated patches meet your view on both sides of the river. And indeed the whole district is so thickly peopled as to give you the notion of a continuous village. There were many little knolls of grass in various parts of the river on which cows were feeding, and where they are milked by going over the river to them in boats.

I now came towards Montreal, which is situated on the left of the river, just where it expands itself into a fine basin, diversified with several islands, on one of which stands the town. Above it rises a lofty hill, from which the town takes its name, and which is a corruption of Mount Royal. The island is about thirty miles in length and seven broad, and the

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town stands on the southernmost point. The mount or hill is isolated, and rises at its western extremity. It is about eight hundred feet high, and along its base and up its sides are interspersed corn-fields, orchards, and villas; above which, to the very summit, trees grow in great variety and luxuriance.

I was much disappointed with Montreal, after what I had heard of it. The river was full of floating timber, and although some tolerably good wharfs have been recently built, yet the town itself is far from agreeable. The whole of the lower town is covered with gloomy-looking houses, with dark iron shutters, and the streets are dirty, narrow, and ill-paved.

If there is not much physical beauty about Montreal, there is a considerable deal of moral beauty to be found in the inhabitants of the city. The exercise of the benevolent feelings is truly delightful; a great deal of good is done in the town, and there are few persons in real dis-

tress but meet with kind and considerate assistance.

One of the handsomest buildings in the town is the Roman Catholic cathedral; and the eastern window, which is seventy feet high, throws down a soft and beautiful light on the gorgeous fittings up, common to a Roman Catholic place of worship. Besides the cathedral there are several Catholic and Protestant churches, meeting-houses, a guard-house, and several other public buildings.

One thing that struck me is the pretty manner in which the buildings fronting the river are constructed. They are mostly furnished with wooden balconies to the upper and lower stories. They are ascended by broad stairs from the outside; and when fronting the water, with a nice path leading to them, they look very pretty.

If you look again at the map, you will see that just above Montreal on the north side, a

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river falls into the St. Lawrence. This is called the Ottawa, or Grand River, and has its origin in the Lake of Temiscaming, upwards of three hundred and fifty miles to the north-west. Of the country through which this river runs, beyond St. Lawrence, little is known. About a hundred miles up this river, there are numerous cascades and falls, and the scenery is exceedingly wild and beautiful. One of the rivers that fall into the Ottawa, is called the Gatineau, which is navigable for steam-boats about five miles from its mouth, and is navigable for three hundred miles for canoes.

There are some very grand falls on the Ottawa. The principal of these are called the Chaudiere falls, and these are situated at Hull township. Just above these falls the Ottawa is about five hundred feet in width, and its scenery and its waters are all smoothness and serenity. The river runs onwards with great tranquillity, till it meets with those great and extraordinary chasms

called the Great and Little Kettle, and then it bounds over the precipices, which are about sixty feet high. The falls are in the centre of the river, about two hundred feet wide. In the Great Kettle the waters are so deep that a sounding line of three hundred feet has not found the bottom. This is even a greater kettle than the Earl of Norwich's Porridge Pot, of which I once told you. It is supposed that there are subterraneous passages which carry the water beneath the river, and send it up again about half a mile down.

Several remarkable occurrences have taken place in these rapids and falls. One of the most important related, concerned a poor traveller, or rather emigrant, who passed through this district to settle himself a few miles higher up.

This man's name was Jason; and, although not quite so celebrated as he of the Golden Fleece, yet still his escapes and exploits are

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celebrated in the district of which I am now speaking.

Jason was originally from England ; but from an innate propensity to a roving life, had travelled over many parts of the world, like Peter Parley. His principal travels had, however, taken place in North America. He had on this occasion travelled overland from New York in the United States to the St. Lawrence, which he crossed just above Montreal.

He had invented, to aid him in his journeys over dykes, brooks, and rivers, a portable canoe. This was made of a number of pieces of stout cane, of a semi-circular form, on which was stretched some oiled cloth, prepared in a particular manner. These parts were so arranged that the canoe could be shut up into a very small compass, much after the same manner that a pair of bellows is closed together ; at the same time it could be extended by little sticks called

stretchers, to the length of several feet. Here is a picture of Jason's portable canoe, both in its extended and closed state.



This machine not only served its possessor for a boat by day, but also as a bed by night. He used to sling it like a hammock on the trees, and thus repose securely from bears and other disagreeable intruders. On passing up the Ottawa river, his object was to set traps for such animals as had valuable furs—the marten, ermine, &c.; and after having secured a certain number of

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skins, to take them to the nearest mart and dispose of them. He carried a good rifle on his shoulder, an axe by his side, and a knapsack at his back, and considered himself equipped for any accident or degree of fatigue. Sometimes it happened that he trapped with some one or more of the Indians; and on this occasion, he had joined himself with Torree, one of the black-foot Indians, who had accompanied him for several hundred miles. Their method of taking the fur animals was generally by traps, which they set at night and took up early in the morning, concealing themselves during the day. Early one day while examining these traps in a creek about two hundred yards above the falls of which I have been speaking, they suddenly heard a great noise like the trampling of animals; but they could not ascertain the fact, as the high perpendicular banks on each side of the stream impeded their view. Torree, with the quickness of ear for which the Indians are remarkable,

quickly distinguished this as the advance of an Indian tribe; but Jason laughed at him, and accusing him of cowardice, insisted that the noise was made by buffaloes, though in a few minutes their doubts were removed by the appearance of the Indians on both sides of the creek to the amount of five or six hundred.

The Indian immediately seized a rifle belonging to Jason, and as the first Indian advanced levelled it and shot him dead, and proceeded immediately to re-load it. At this moment a shower of arrows was directed towards him, and the poor fellow fell, and to use the words of Jason, literally made a riddle of.

The Indians now seized Jason, stripped him entirely naked, and began to consult how he should be put to death. They were first inclined to set him up as a mark to shoot at; but the chief interfered, and seizing him by the shoulder asked him if he could run fast. He cunningly replied he was a very bad runner, although he

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was considered by the Indians to be remarkably swift.

The chief now commanded the party to remain stationary, and led Jason on the prairie three or four hundred yards and released him, bidding him to save himself if he could.

At this instant the horrid war-whoop sounded in his ears, and he ran with a speed at which he himself was surprised. Then did he think of the sufferings of the poor hare and stag, which he had often chased in a similar manner for mere sport. He knew then what were the fears and terrors of these poor animals, and had a conviction of the cruelty of the practice. But on he ran, the Indians whooping at his heels. He darted across the plain with the rapidity of lightning; and although the ground abounded with the prickly pear, which is much more offensive than the thistle, yet he continued on, scarcely feeling the pain of his lacerated and bleeding feet.

Proceeding towards the falls he ventured to

look back, when he was half way across the plains, and he observed that the Indians were very much scattered, and that he had gained ground to a considerable distance from the main body; but one Indian, who carried a spear, was much before the rest, and not more than a hundred yards from him.

A faint gleam of hope now began to cheer the breast of the poor fellow, and he exerted himself to such a degree, that the blood gushed from his nostrils and almost covered the fore part of his body. Having arrived within a mile of the river, he distinctly heard the sound of footsteps behind him, and expected every instant to feel the spear of his pursuer. Again he turned his head, and saw his savage enemy not twenty yards from him. Determined, if possible, to avoid the expected blow, he suddenly stopped, turned round, and spread out his arms. The Indian, surprised perhaps at his bloody appearance, and exhausted with running, fell whilst endeavouring to throw

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his spear, which stuck in the ground, and broke in his hand. Jason instantly snatched up the pointed part, with which he pinned him to the earth, and then continued his flight.

The foremost of the Indians, on arriving at the place, stopped till the others came up to join him, when they set up a hideous yell.

Jason improving every moment of his time, though fainting and exhausted, succeeded in gaining the skirting of some wild maple trees on the border of the river, to which he ran and instantly plunged in. Fortunately for him, a little below was an island, against the upper point of which, a raft of drift timber had lodged. He dived under this raft, and after several efforts, got his head above water among the trunks of the trees, covered over with the smaller wood to the depth of several feet.

Scarcely did he secure himself when the Indians arrived on the river, most of whom, by coming on the raft, were frequently seen by

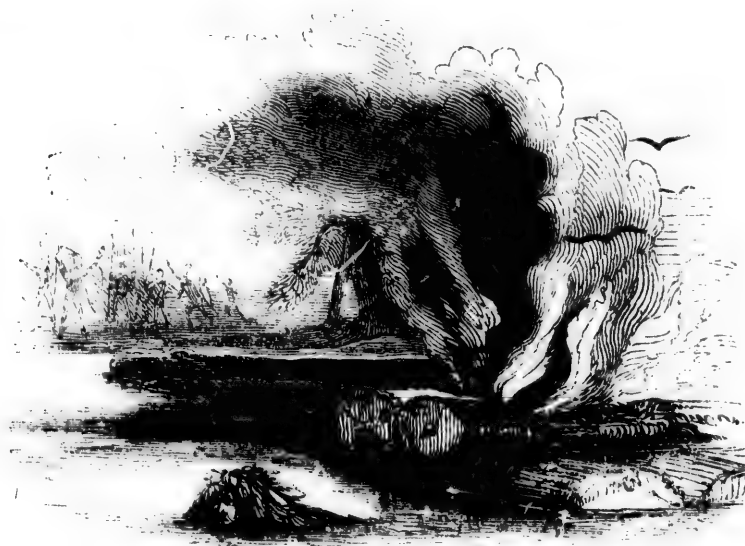
Jason during the day through the chinks. Thinking that they might set the raft on fire, he remained in horrible suspense, and at last his conjectures were realized.

After a consultation, one of the Indians came to the windward side of the raft, and after rubbing his fire sticks, set fire to the smaller wood, which immediately ignited with great fury, while the Indians stood on the shore with their spears in their hands, ready to strike him if he came out of his hiding place.

Jason cautiously crept round to that portion of the raft nearest the descent of the river, and having placed some tufts of bush and grass round his head, so as to have the appearance of a detached mass floating along the stream, set himself free from the impending danger. Five hundred yards down were the falls of which I have been speaking. He suffered himself to float gently down the stream for some minutes,

but at last made an effort to reach the opposite shore.

He was immediately seen by the Indians, and two of the bravest of them leaped into the



stream and swam after him with their tomahawks in their hands, eager to revenge the death of their companion.

At this moment Jason's strength gave way. The Indians gained on him. As a last desperate

resolve, instead of keeping his course towards the shore on the other side, he suddenly changed it, and darted rapidly towards the falls. The Indians observing this, immediately turned back and left him to his fate, fully assured that he would be dashed to pieces in a few minutes.

Jason kept on, determined, if possible, to brave the danger that awaited him. He felt the curling eddy swinging him perhaps to destruction, and the increased velocity of the water, as he neared the brink of the cataract. But he knew its depth, and calculated on the time it would take before, after taking the dreadful leap, he would again rise to the surface below. He had a few moments for rest as he floated along; at last he found himself close to the brink of the fall, and taking a good mouthful of breath, he committed himself to the mercy of the cataract.

The Indians had all this time watched him with intense anxiety and delight; and as his fate became inevitable, gave way to their wild ex-

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pressions of joy. At last, when his black head disappeared from the glossy edge of the cataract, they gave one wild whoop, and Jason heard no more.

In about two minutes the poor fellow had dived many fathoms into the boiling gulf. He felt the weight of the immense mass of waters almost insupportable; but making a vigorous effort, as a good swimmer alone knows how, succeeded in rising again to the surface. He suffered himself to float slowly down the stream, till he had recovered his breath, and immediately struck out and landed with no little joy on the opposite shore, where he soon after met with assistance and kind treatment from a Welch emigrant.

I was thinking, my young friends, of what Jason would have done if he had not been able to swim. He was very clever at making a portable canoe; but this you see was not always available. I say then, learn to swim.

CHAPTER VI.

HORSE RACING IN UPPER CANADA—RIDEAU
CANAL—EARTHQUAKE.

I THINK often about these Two Kettles, by which name the Falls of Chadiere are distinguished; and you will not be likely to forget them. If you are, you may be told that it is across these singular falls, that the celebrated Union Bridges, which connect Upper and Lower Canada, are thrown; so that Peter Parley had only to cross them to get at the Upper Province.

These bridges are very extraordinary works of art; and being thrown over such a roaring cataract and chasm, have a very sublime appearance. The chasm consists of four principal

parts, two of which are tram bridges, overhanging the currents, and are supported by piers ; a third is a straight wooden bridge ; and a fourth is built, partly of dry stone, with two cut lime-stone arches, and partly of wood. The tram bridge over the broadest channel is just two hundred and twelve feet long.

The Ottawa river has now a navigation uninterrupted for steam-boats, "all the way to Grenville," which is sixty miles distant. "All the way to Grenville," is an expression that means something, in this country, in consequence of a ludicrous circumstance that took place in it.

One of the settlers who lived in this place, was so given to intemperate habits, that he was a disgrace to himself and every body about him. He was often found lying quite insensible from the effects of liquor, in various parts of the public ways. On one of these occasions, some of his kind neighbours packed him up in a

rough case, with holes in it, and put him on board the steam-boat, addressed to the landlord of one of the inns at Grenville; and the poor fellow is said to have travelled the whole sixty miles without waking. You may judge of his surprise when he awoke at a spot which he had scarcely ever dreamed of.

I proceeded now through Grenville, passing through the whole of the Upper Province, and must say, that I like it much better than Lower Canada. The scenery is more English: there is not so much rock and mountain, but there is more of the fertile plain, and the gentle undulation. I was delighted, in travelling along the road, with the neatness, cleanliness, and comfort of the cottage farms, with the orchards and gardens; and nothing pleased me more than the sprightly-looking lasses I found spinning at the cottage doors—they looked so happy.

You will, perhaps, not think that I travelled by a regular four-horse coach in this country;

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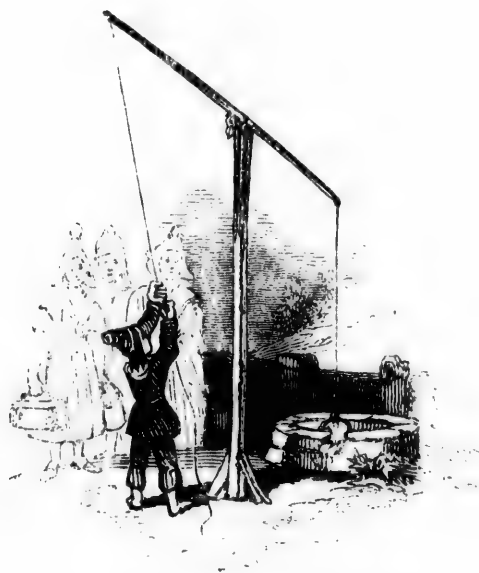
but I did, and found the inns and all that kind of accommodation just as good as I do in England.

I was also struck with the great spinning wheels for spinning wool in this country. The spinster does not sit, but walks to and fro, guiding the yarn with one hand, and turning the wheel with the other. I noticed also, as I passed by the cottage farms, hanks of yarn hanging on the hedges to dry. They were of various colours; and I found, upon inquiry, that these were spun, dyed, and afterwards dried; after which they were sent to the loom to be woven. I saw some of the cloth made from this yarn, and although it was not so good as that you will buy in England, it was quite as warm and serviceable.

Then, as to the sheep, I saw plenty of them; they were, however, mostly black; but the produce of their backs clothes the Upper Canadians: and although black sheep are not so

picturesque as white ones, they are not to be despised: nor are they despised, I can assure you.

Then the wells and the method of drawing water was curious; although I have seen the same in England. A long iron pole was balanced on a post, and the bucket was placed at



one end of it with a line, while at the other end stood the person wishing to obtain the water,

who had nothing to do but pull, and the bucket came up full. This circumstance, which is very simple, as you see, enables a child four or five years old to draw water, as you see in the picture.

Another thing struck me as being very curious, and I could not make out what it was. At a little distance from the cottages which I passed, I saw what appeared to me to be a bee-hive, stuck on four little legs. But at last I found out that these bee-hives were *ovens*, and pour forth not honey, but bread.

At an inn where I stopped for the night, I found several people congregated. There were no tap-room and parlour and private sitting-rooms, as in our country, and I was of course introduced into the general assembly room, where there were all sorts of people. Some settlers going out, some coming home; and all of them making a good deal of clamour.

Among other persons I met with at this inn,

was a discontented emigrant, a John-Bull Englishman, who was on the return to his own country; and it was astonishing how he vented his spleen against everything Canadian, which made every body laugh: "Give me England," he said, "after all; an alderman in chains, and the world in a pickle." This I understood to mean a turkey roasted with sausages, and a plum pudding. "Now," said he, "I can get nothing but salted pork, peppered by mosquitoes. As for houses, there is not one in the whole colony fit for a decent man to set his foot in. It is ten times worse than beggarly Scotland."

"Wool, mon," said a raw-boned, sandy-haired man, "what is that ye say about Scotland? Scotland is the finest country in the whole world, was she not so canny near to England, where the fat bulls o' Bashan lash their fat tails, to the cruel discomfiture of every thing in the way of 'em."

“ O, Scotland ! ” said the Englishman ; “ why that country is *ten times* worse than Canada. As to you Scotchmen, you can thrive on any thing, and may well be contented, and make a doing of it. But look you here, Mr. Sawney, or whatever your name is ; the plain matter of fact is this — you know I am a matter-of-fact man — just hear, then — what will make a Scotchman fat, will starve an Englishman outright.”

“ What do ye ken ? ” the Scotchman interrupted ; but was interrupted in his turn.

“ Hold your tongue, and hear me out. A Scotchman can take a bag of oatmeal on his back, and travel from the Orkneys to Berwick on the smell of it over his shoulder, I know that very well ; but an Englishman must have an inside lining.”

“ By St. Andrew, but ye shall have an outside one,” said the Scotchman, highly excited at this taunt ; and with that he got up, and knocked the Englishman down.

"And pray what is that for?" said the Englishman, rising up very coolly, and taking off his coat. "I shall just ask you two or three questions, and we will soon settle the affair."

It was poor Peter Parley's duty to interfere here. For although the Englishman was cool, he was very determined; and the Scotchman was pale with rage. "Let them fight it out like Britons," was the general cry.

"My good friends," said I, "why should you two harm each other? it is quite impossible you can both see alike in this affair. My good friend here has got green spectacles on, and you, my friend, have got on yellow ones. 'Tis wrong to speak ill of another country, particularly if you were never in it. Pray, Mr. Englishman, were you ever in Scotland?"

"Not I. I should think I have too much respect for myself ever to go *there*."

"Then you can know nothing about Scot-

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land," said I; "and ought to say nothing about it."

"Let 'em fight it out," said several voices. "No palaver; let 'em fight it out."

It was a cutting thing for poor Peter Parley to be told to hold his tongue; and I determined not to obey it, and again endeavoured to make peace, which, after some difficulty, I succeeded in doing; and it was agreed that we should all be friends, and go to the horse races together, which were to take place next day.

Well, we went; for although I detest such practices, I was anxious to see all I could of the country, else how should I give a description of it. I can only say, that it was rather more genteel than the hippodrome at Bayswater, but the same description of loose and disorderly persons attended.

Would you believe it? Four horses started for a bet of ten thousand—not pounds—but *feet of boards*. The riders were clumsy-looking fellows, bootless and coatless. Before they started

every one seemed anxious to bet upon one or other of the horses. Wagers were offered in every part of the field, and I was soon assailed by a host of fellows requesting me to take their offers.

The first who attracted my notice, said he would bet me a barrel of salt pork that Romeo would win the day. When I refused to accept of this, another offered me three thousand cedar shingles that Washington would distance every horse in the field. A third tempted me with a wager of fifty pounds of pork sausages against a cheese of the same weight, that Prince Edward would be distanced. A fourth, who appeared to be a shoemaker, offered to stake a *raw ox hide* against an equal weight of tanned leather, that Columbus would be either first or second. Five or six others, who appeared to be partners in a pair of *blacksmith's bellows*, expressed their willingness to wager them against a barrel of West Indian molasses, or twenty dollars in cash.

All this made me laugh more than ever I laughed since I was a boy. I for a long time looked as serious as I generally do; but the wind of the bellows blew every trace of seriousness away, and I laughed so heartily that no one came to ask me to bet any more.

I shall now tell you something about Lake Ontario, the most eastern of the American lakes, into which you will see that the St. Lawrence runs, or rather, out of which the St. Lawrence runs. I had reached Cobourg, which, you will observe, is near the centre of the lake, on its northern border. This lake is really a very wonderful piece of water: it is 172 miles long, and nearly sixty miles broad in its widest part. It is also very deep in some parts; for people who have sounded it can find no bottom at three hundred fathoms, which is eighteen hundred feet, or more than a quarter of a mile. The water is very clear; the

shores consist of gravel and small thin pieces of lime-stone, worn round and smooth by the water. I went on the lake in a boat, and the view of its shores was very beautiful. The woods in several places grow down to the water's edge, and through many openings in them may be seen the white houses of little flourishing villages. To the north-east the shore is low, with swampy marshes; but on the north-west the beaches are more bold and stand forth in prominent rocks.

Sometimes, when the wind is high, and blows from a particular quarter, it is so rough on the lake, that boats cannot venture across; and every seven years the waters rise to an unusual height, but nobody knows the cause of this. Sometimes, during calm weather, those atmospheric refractions take place, which I told you of in my "Wonders of the Earth, Sea, and Sky." Islands and trees appear upside down; the white surface of the beach hangs high up in the air;

and sometimes large fountains of water seem to shoot up from the horizon, or pour down as from a splendid ewer. If you could experience the singular sensation this strange phenomenon occasions on beholding it, you would never forget it.

There were a great number of steam-boats on the lake, belonging both to the British settlers and the Americans; and a constant intercourse is kept up between the two countries. Besides the steam-boats, I saw a great number of canoes, with Indians in them fishing.



Here is a picture of one, with some Indians in it fishing.

I should like you to see one of these canoes, for really they are very ingeniously made things, and nothing that Europeans have invented would serve the Indians half so well. They are made of the bark of the beech tree. They are of various lengths. Some of them are not more than twelve feet long, while others are above thirty; their breadth is from four to six feet; and they are so light, that they may be carried about with ease.

If you were to examine this, you would find that its outside is made of the birch of a tree not more than a quarter of an inch in thickness, and sometimes not so much as that. It is kept distended by hoops of white cedar; and very thin shingles, as an inside lining, are placed between the hoops and the bark. The gunwale is a narrow lath, to which the hoop and the bark are sewed with narrow strips of the roots of the white cedar tree; and the joinings in the bark are made water-proof by a species of gum,

said to be collected from the wild cherry-tree, which soon becomes perfectly hard. No iron work or nails are employed in their construction; and they are so light, that the common-sized ones are easily carried for several miles by a man of moderate strength. They are worked by paddles over the side; and the dexterity of the Indians in working them is surprising. They do not sit, like us, with their back to the head of the boat, and laugh at us heartily for so doing; but push them forward, by which means they can keep a good look out a-head.

There are several very good harbours on the lake. The most considerable on the American side is Suckett's harbour, on the south-east shore, which has extensive docks, and a considerable arsenal. On the English side is Toronto, situated delightfully near the head of the lake. The town is on the north side of the harbour, which is an oval basin of eight or nine miles of water—

not in length—I mean the area of it is eight or nine miles.

Toronto is the infant capital of Upper Canada, and is excellently well laid out. The streets are long and spacious; the great thoroughfare nearly a mile long; the side paths well flagged; and some of the streets macadamized. The population is about twelve thousand, composed of English, Irish, Scotch, native Canadians, and a few French Canadians. Little more than three years ago the site whereon Toronto stands was a perfect wilderness.

I should have told you, that at the north-east extremity of this lake, at the point where it falls into St. Lawrence, is the town of Kingston, which, next to Quebec and Halifax, is the strongest British port in America. It is separated by a bay, which extends considerably into the lake, from points Frederica and Henry. This bay is called Navy Bay, and is our chief naval depôt in Lake Ontario. There is also

a strong battery, and a dock-yard, with stone houses.

Point Henry is also covered by a fort, and here during the war was built a first-rate man-of-war, carrying one hundred and two guns; and I suppose, in case the Americans were to meddle with us, that a good fleet could soon be got ready in defence of the interests and honour of Old England.

The appearance of the lake just at its junction with the St. Lawrence river, is exceedingly beautiful. The mouth, or rather beginning of the river, is twelve miles wide, divided into two channels by Livy Island, which is twelve miles broad. The channels are about two and a half miles to three miles across. I wish you to understand that you are now again in Lower Canada; and before I speak to you of the Upper Province, I must say a word or two about canals.

There are several canals that are of impor-

tance. The principal one is called the Rideau, which is an extraordinary work of art. It is not exactly a canal, but rather a succession of raised waters, by means of dams, which connect together a series of little lakes, which you will see marked on the map. It commences at Entrance Bay, about a mile below the "Two Kettles," that I told you about, and often forming itself into a multitude of dams and locks, and opens a communication between Kingston and the Ottawa, a distance of one hundred and thirty-two miles, by connecting several pieces of water lying in that direction.

The total expenditure of money in this work has been nearly a million of pounds; and what is very remarkable, and ought to warn people against making calculations without knowing what they are about, the original estimate of the expense was only one hundred and sixty-nine thousand pounds.

You will think this was a great deal of money,

and that the work will never pay the persons who advanced it : perhaps it will not, in a commercial point of view. But to my thinking, if ever the Americans make war upon us, and attempt to intercept our water communication between Upper and Lower Canada, we can send goods of every description by this canal to the whole of the Upper Province, which is a very great advantage.

Besides canals, rail-roads are now beginning to make their appearance. There is one now in progress, which will be a hundred and sixty miles long. When this is completed, the journey from New York to Lake Huron may be accomplished in fifty hours. The distance through Buffalo is eight hundred and ninety miles, and through Hamilton but six hundred and thirty-two. The cost per mile is upwards of two thousand pounds.

I am now about to tell you of a terrific earthquake that once happened in Canada, and

which was felt throughout the whole of the province. You have heard me speak of wonderful earthquakes before in my "Wonders," and this was as astonishing as any of them.

It took place on the 5th of February, 1663, just three years before the dreadful fire in London. About half-past four o'clock in the evening, a great rushing noise was heard throughout the whole country. This noise caused the people to run out into the streets in the greatest alarm; and this was increased when they saw their houses reeling to and fro. Chimney-pots were falling, bells jangling, and walls tumbling about. Most people thought the whole world was at an end; and to see women and children running about, and screaming, and men standing pale with affright, was terrible.

Then the poor birds and beasts, they also partook of the alarm, and fled terrified into the woods. They were, however, no better off there; for it seemed as if a battle was raging between

the trees, for not only were their branches destroyed, but even their trunks were broken. The war also seemed to be carried on between the mountains, some of which were torn from their beds, and thrown upon others, leaving immense chasms in the place from whence they had issued ; and the very trees, with which they were covered, sunk down, leaving their tops above the surface of the earth ; others were completely overturned, and their branches buried.

During this general confusion, the ice, which was upwards of six feet thick, was rent, and thrown up in large pieces. The springs were choked up, many rivers were totally lost, and others turned from their courses, or their waters turned red or yellow.

Such devastation was occasioned in some of the forests, that more than a thousand acres in one neighbourhood were completely overturned ; and where, but a short time before, nothing met

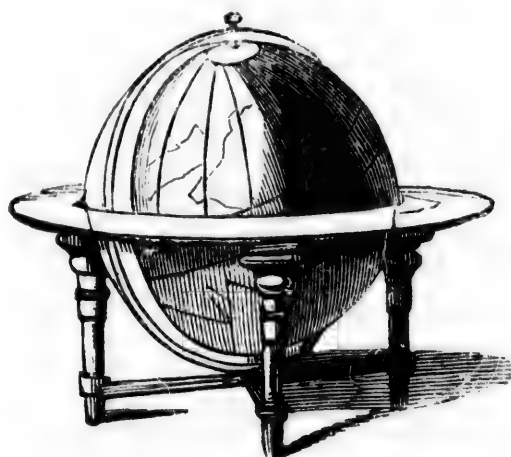
the eye but an immense forest of trees, now were to be seen extensive cleared lands, apparently cut up by the plough.

What is the most remarkable about this earthquake is, the long time it continued; namely, more or less, from February to August, six months from its commencement. Then its great extent is also remarkable, which was for more than six hundred miles in one direction, and above three hundred miles in another. But what was more remarkable still, was that, notwithstanding the prodigious extent of country which had been totally lost, or hideously convulsed, under the protection of Divine Providence, there was scarcely a person seriously injured.

I shall not say anything more to you now, but give you time to look over your map. I wish you particularly to make yourselves acquainted with the geographical situation of the Canadas, especially Upper Canada. I would advise you to get by heart the names of the great

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rivers, the lakes, and the towns upon them, and the territories surrounding them, and you will be better able to understand what I am talking about. Look over your maps, then, and give Peter Parley a little while to rest himself.



CHAPTER VII.

A WINTER IN CANADA—ACCOUNT OF A SNOW STORM.

CANADA is vastly different in winter to what it is in the summer, for the weather is very severe. From the beginning of December to March the whole country is often completely covered with snow, which seldom entirely leaves till May. As to the cold, it is far more intense than it is in England, the thermometer is frequently from fifty degrees to sixty degrees below the freezing point. At this time the mighty St. Lawrence is frozen all the way between Quebec and Kingston at the mouth of Lake Ontario. But although not navigable for boats, this defect is made up

by the use of sledges, and what are called carioles, carriages fixed on a kind of skates, and drawn by horses and sometimes dogs. These are sometimes very elegant vehicles, and are lined with warm, comfortable furs, and ornamented in various ways.

I had heard of a Canadian winter before I visited that country, and dreaded it very much. What shall I do, thought I, in such a long winter, when I can neither trace the course of noble rivers, nor contemplate the fall of wondrous cataracts, nor make my reflections upon the wonders of vegetable or animal creation? Nature, thought I, will be dead, and Peter Parley will have nothing to do.

But I was quite deceived in my forebodings, for although the whole face of the country was one continued plain of snow, and nothing but the overloaded trees were visible, yet I found plenty to amuse and interest me; and as to the cold, after the first few weeks I got used to

it, and, clothed in my furs, and my snow shoes on, I was as brave a heart as the best of the Canadians.



Fur caps, fur gloves, and fur dresses were common, and why should not I be in the fashion? Then I had my mocassins, which enabled me to walk over the snow: they are made of a kind of network fixed on a frame, and shaped like a boy's paper kite, about two feet long and

eighteen inches broad. These cover so much of the surface of the snow as to prevent any one from sinking into it, so that you may walk about without being up to your arm-pits, which would be rather uncomfortable.

I remember, however, some inconveniences. I once burnt my hand with a piece of cold iron : I had occasion to take hold of the handle of a pump in very cold weather, and the moment I laid my hand on it I felt a burning sensation, so sharp, that I let go of it as quick as if I had grasped a red-hot poker ; and the effect was the same ; my hand was blistered in a moment, and the skin destroyed.

I could not account for this, but at last I found out that the vital heat of the body pours out of the hand so rapidly into the cold iron that it produces the same effect even as when the heat of red-hot iron passes into the comparatively cold body. Depend upon it I did not touch a cold pump-handle again very soon.

But I was, however, both amused and alarmed in another way ; there was rather a sharp biting wind from the north when I went out one morning, and I was walking gaily enough on the St. Lawrence to a town on the opposite side, when a young man pursuing me cried out "*your nose, sir, your nose, take care of your nose!*" I looked about, I could not feel any thing the matter with my nose, and of course determined to pass on without saying anything to him ; with that he laid hold of my arm, " your nose, your nose !" said he again ; I pushed him from me, and he immediately came closer and began to mangle my nose with his great coarse fingers : " your nose, sir, your nose is frost-bitten." He then got a ball of snow, and said " rub your nose, sir, or you will lose it."

I now began to comprehend what the good fellow meant, and took the snow-ball and rubbed my nose most unmercifully. I was told afterwards, that if I had only gone another half hour

I should have lost my nose—what a shocking thing that would have been. I should never have liked to show my picture in a book: people would have laughed at Peter Parley without a nose, although I think they would have been sorry for it too.

I found out that when a person is frost-bitten, the part so affected turns very white, and as this frequently takes place in the nose, the good American saw my danger, and gave me notice of it in the manner I have detailed to you. It is strange, you will think, that I did not feel it; but the truth is, that this often takes place without the person being at all aware of it; sensation being destroyed in the part as soon as the mischief commences.

Notwithstanding these mishaps, I found the winter in Canada a very pleasant one. As most people had little to do they chose the winter to make holiday; and they amused themselves with riding over the ice and en-

joying the snow with the greatest pleasure to themselves. Then in the towns and cities there were their town balls, country parties, dancing, dining, supping and dancing again. And as to Christmas, I spent the merriest Christmas in Canada that ever I spent in my life.

Travelling about on the ice, however, is not without its dangers, for sometimes the sleigh is capsized; and, what is worse, sometimes it sinks beneath the ice, and you find yourself sliding very uncomfortably beneath the solid mass. In such cases the passengers jump quickly out of the vehicle on to the firm ice, form a running noose round the horse's head, and absolutely strangle him, to save his life. They say this plan was invented by an *Irishman*.

You see if the horse were to kick and plunge about, there would be no getting him out of the hole, so they choke him till he has no power of struggling, and then draw him forth; after a little time he becomes motionless, they then

draw him out and give him his breath. The poor fellow after this soon recovers himself, and is seen again trotting away as briskly as ever. In fact the horses are so used to being hanged that they think nothing of it.

Sometimes, however, dreadful snow-storms occur which are truly terrific, and of particular danger to any persons who happen to be travelling. It comes on often very suddenly, and the snow from the heavens and that drifted from the hills comes down in a fine powder and totally obliterates roads, fields, and everything else that stands in its way. The poor traveller is then frequently lost, and his body never found till the snow melts in the spring.

I shall relate to you a very remarkable circumstance that took place on the road from London to York in Lower Canada; and as it shows what may be done by those that know how to persevere, and who do not lose their self-possession and courage, I hope you will profit by it.

TALE OF THE SNOW STORM.

It was at an early hour on the sixteenth day of December, and a very cold morning it was, that Reuben Norgrave, a settler at a little township in the vicinity of the Rice lake, sat at breakfast with his family, consisting of a wife, three sons, and a daughter, who was the youngest, in as great enjoyment as the Sabbath day could afford in a place far from the church-going bell. Reuben had come from the old country, as England is called, in the spring of the same year. He was originally a carpenter, and had been in business for himself, but owing to the villany of an elder brother had been nearly ruined. This brother being of loose and dissipated habits, and one of those very wretched persons who have what is called a showy exterior and good address, had the assurance to engage himself in an undertaking

which required intelligence and tact; being deficient in them he became involved, but had sufficient low cunning to impose on his brother so as to induce him to lend him a considerable sum of money with which he immediately decamped. This almost broke poor Reuben's heart, and he determined upon paying all his debts, to collect together what money he could, and emigrate to Canada. He had about two hundred pounds, and himself and family had crossed the Atlantic and made a settlement on the Rice lake, where he had purchased two hundred acres of land. Some of this, by the sturdy labour of himself and sons, had been partially cleared of wood; a log-house had been erected, and the family seemed to be in as fair a way of thriving as most of the settlers in the vicinity, and were a great deal happier than many of them. Shall I tell you why they were happy? Because they all loved each other, and every one tried to do what he knew was kind and agreeable, until a

deep sense of religion filled them at all times and on all occasions.

You may not, perhaps, know what I mean by a log-house, I will tell you. When a settler first comes out and buys his land, he has nothing for his money but so much ground. There is no house nor anything else for him but trees and wild grain and brush-wood. The first thing that is done is then to build a house; but as



there are no bricks and mortar to be got, and as there is plenty of wood on hand, assistance is procured, trees are cut down, and an oblong square of logs is raised one against another with open spaces between every row of logs. It is no

better than a barn, nor yet so good, as you may see by the picture which is a drawing of one I made while in Canada.

You see that when first erected it has neither windows nor doors, but only the places left for them. Then it has to be boarded inside, the floor to be laid, and a great deal of work besides to be done to it before it can be made habitable. All this, however, had been performed by Reuben and his sons, and they determined to pass the winter in as comfortable a manner as circumstances would permit.

The winter had set in in reality. Three weeks' severe frost and some falls of snow had totally changed the face of nature. But the inhabitants of the log-house did not look forward with any evil forebodings, but rather to the returning spring, which was to bring them comforts, of which they stood very much in need. There was plenty of in-door employment for the mother and her daughter; and as to the young men,

they were out every day with their guns in the woods, and passed their time pleasantly enough in bringing home the wild game, which was extremely valuable to them in their present condition.

The principal cause of regret among the family was their great distance from any place where they could receive similar religious instruction to that which they had been used to enjoy, and many were their attempts to obtain this great blessing. For although the distance was nearly thirteen miles to where a pastor performed ecclesiastical duty, yet Reuben and one or more of his sons would rise early on the sabbath morning and walk the distance, and return in the evening by the light of the summer's moon. This he had never failed to do on Sacrament Sunday for some months, and the reason for the family being at their breakfast at a little after the day broke was that Reuben

and his youngest son Matthew might reach Lakeville by the usual hour of divine service.

After the breakfast was ended and a chapter from the Bible had been devoutly read, the father and his son took their departure and reached the place of their destination just as the bell was tolling into church. Here they remained during the morning, and having partaken of dinner with a friend, prepared to return home, setting off about three o'clock. The day had been one of extraordinary fineness, and the moon was near her full, and had already risen as she does on such occasions, some time before the night sets in.

The road which my travellers had to traverse was tolerably well-beaten, and although a portion of it lay through the woods, there was not the slightest risk in finding it any time; and thus the father and son set off in high spirits expecting to be home soon enough to enjoy an

early supper, that is to say, by seven or eight o'clock.

Reuben and his son trudged on with light hearts, and discoursed as they went upon the excellent discourse of the pastor, and upon the lessons for the day, one of which was Christ's appearance to Peter on the lake, which naturally led to some conversation concerning faith. Reuben, although of humble origin, had, apparently, some clear notions concerning this Christian virtue. "Faith," said he, "'is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.'"

Matthew confessed that he could not understand the doctrine of faith as he had generally heard it, and requested his father to explain to him, in a familiar manner, what he understood by it.

"'Faith is the substance of things hoped for,'"

said the father. "Now, my son," said he, "does it not give you a great deal of pleasure

to contemplate our happy fire-side? There are the other boys, and Marion, and your dear mother, no doubt, waiting for us at home, with the tea-things all ready. We can see them in imagination, and almost hear the rattling of the cups and saucers. You are there in spirit already, and you have a feeling of confidence that you will be there shortly. If you had not this confidence, trust, and hope, you could only be miserable. This is natural faith: apply the same thing to heavenly matters, and we may be said to have faith. We believe that Jesus Christ 'has prepared for us a house eternal in the heavens,' when this fleshy tabernacle is dissolved. Faith is a strong conviction of all the promises of God."

"And yet," said the young man, "when faith is so natural and simple, how very few have it in a degree sufficient to make them happy."

"There is more faith in the world than you imagine, my boy," said the father; "and those

people who profess to despise it, are in the daily exercise of it to a degree that is quite astonishing sometimes. For instance—a man gets upon a coach, he knows nothing of the coachman, whether he has skill, or otherwise; nothing of the horses, as to whether they are vicious or quiet; nothing of the axle-tree, whether it is of cast or wrought iron, or whether the coach itself is in a state of security or danger. Yet up he jumps, and takes his place. Then, as to steam-boats, who ever thought of making inquiry about the engineer? And as to ships, we get into them, you know, and sometimes cannot tell whether the captain is an Englishman or Frenchman, till we get on board. So that we exercise a great deal of faith without knowing it."

"But is not this rather thoughtlessness than faith?"

"No: generally speaking, it is the result of confidence in the arrangements of our domestic

state; and if we had the same degree of confidence in the dispensations of Providence, we should be made wiser and happier. What gives persons this confidence, is a good acquaintance with things in general; they find, that though mishaps do sometimes occur, accidents, and the like, that upon the whole things go on well, and therefore they are satisfied. But, in our spiritual concerns, we doubt and hesitate and defer, till at last we sink between hope and fear, or in despair."

"Then to have faith, we must know God and his providence; and be sure of his good-will towards all that love him."

"Exactly, my boy. If we study the word of God, we shall find, that although God has often tried, he has never left his faithful people; for although in the moral government of the world, God does act on general principles, yet these very general principles always lead to the advantage and happiness of his people. Reason

sees it in this world, and faith is assured of it in the world to come. Faith has the privilege of looking behind the curtain."

"Then our faith must grow out of our knowledge of God."

"Yes, as a means. Where there is a full and goodly knowledge of God, God himself is not far off to answer our prayers. Peter knew his Saviour intimately, or he would not have gone on the water. When he began to sink, he wavered; but he called upon the Lord, and Jesus stretched forth his hand, and saved him."

During this conversation, which was conducted with a considerable degree of earnestness on both sides, the interlocutors were not aware that a storm was gathering in the north-west, until some of the drift clouds had passed over their heads, and suddenly obscured the light of the moon, which in an instant changed the scene from a clear bright moonlight, into a haze very nearly approaching darkness.

"Come, come," said the father, "we must speed on, lad, or we shall have a task to find our way, if the snow comes down." Before Matthew had replied to this remark, he felt some sharp flakes of snow strike him in the face.

"Indeed, father," said the young man, "we have it; and if you look away to the north, you will find it gathering there thick and formidable enough."

"We are seven miles from home, my lad, and I do not know of one house except the cattle keeper's on the borders; so push along, lad, and let us reach it as soon as possible."

Just as the father had concluded this sentence, the storm came on in all its fury, with some flashes of lightning, while a distant roll of thunder was heard; then a squall of wind; and the snow descended, mixed with hail, with a rapidity that no one unacquainted with a Canadian winter could conceive.

The poor travellers tugged through it, with

the wind quite in their faces, with all the energy they could muster, and kept on tolerably well for another mile, although the snow was growing deeper and deeper at every step, and the road-marks were nearly obliterated. Thicker and thicker grew the clouds over head, till at last all light from the moon was completely obscured, and Reuben and his son were brought to a stand still in total darkness.

"Father, where are you? for I can scarcely see your figure through the snow," said Matthew.

"Here I am, my boy. But heaven knows how we are to reach home to-night. I do not think I can distinguish the path half a mile further."

"I think we just came by the bear-trap tree, where the Indian killed the settler last year," said Matthew.

"At that rate we cannot be a great way from old Mosset's, the cattle-keeper," replied

the father ; " let us push on, my lad, as long as we are able."

The father and son now redoubled their efforts, and waded through the snow as quick as possible, lamenting every now and then the want of their mocassins, which would have enabled them to pass over the snow, instead of through it ; for it was now merging up to their middle.

Still pushing on, Reuben at last thought he saw a light in the distance ; and just as he was about to mention this cheering fact to his son, he sunk over head in the drifted snow, calling out to Matthew to beware of the ditch.

The young man cried out when he saw his father fall, " It is all over with us, father, we shall never reach home again : it is impossible to get any further. There is a high ridge of snow just before us, which it is impossible to penetrate."

And so indeed there was ; for the snow had

drifted in such a direction, as to form an impassable barrier to their further progress; indeed, they were so close to it, that it seemed to rise up almost over their heads, at the same time the shower continued to fall with increased violence.

"The Lord's will be done," said the old man. "If it is his good will that we should perish here, we know that he has 'a house not built with hands, eternal in the heavens.'"

"Now is the time for faith," said the young man. "But what distress mother and Marian must be in. Ah! we shall never see them again."

"While there is life there is hope. No man was ever without it; and I hope to see all again, and to go many a blessed Sabbath to the church; but another time I shall make up my mind to take my mocassins with me. If we had our mocassins, we could, I think, get over the snow."

“What, over this drift?” said the son; “it would be impossible.” At this moment the north-west wind raged with redoubled fury; and the creaking and souging of the distant forest trees made a noise dreadfully appalling. The drift bank, which had so disconcerted our travellers, was with one violent gust lifted up from its base, and overwhelmed in its vast mass poor Reuben and his son, who had not time to speak to each other.



CHAPTER X.

THE TALE OF THE SNOW-STORM CONCLUDED.

YOU may imagine, that when the snow storm came on, the inmates of the loghouse were in the greatest apprehension for the father and son. They saw clearly that if they were upon the road, they would be overtaken, and wished that some cause or other might have prevented their setting off at the usual time. But, from the fineness of the previous part of the evening, and from the direction of the storm from north-west to south-east, they felt convinced that it could not have reached the district in which it might reasonably be supposed the travellers

would be, till a long time after their departure for home. It appeared therefore certain to them that they must be overtaken by it.

As soon as this was settled in the minds of the family, Samuel and Joseph started on the road, if possible to meet their father and brother, leaving the mother and daughter under the most dreadful anticipations as to the fate of all.

The poor woman and her child sat shuddering to the wail of the storm without, and piled up many a log on the fire, to welcome the return of her husband and children, if they should ever return. They had, till the storm came on, been reading the Bible; and the sacred book was opened at the passage, "Lord, thou hast been our refuge in all generations." After reading this beautiful psalm, and the one that follows it, both were constrained in the moment of distress to fall down upon their knees in prayer.

While they were thus engaged, suddenly a

noise was heard at the door of the log-house, and in a moment an Indian entered, whose wild looks filled them with increased alarm. He looked around him with great scrutiny, and,



without a word, drew his knife from its curiously wrought sheath, and approached the trembling woman, who expected every moment to be murdered, and her little store-house plundered.

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Their alarm was, however, groundless; for, taking his knife from his sheath, and his tomahawk from his shoulder, he, with a softened expression, placed them in the hands of the mother, and, without saying a word, signified, in the half-English, half-Indian language, that he required shelter.

The inmates of the cottage were greatly relieved at this turn of affairs, and immediately set before their visitor some dried beef, and the best that the log-house would afford. Having satisfied his appetite, he curled himself up like a dog, and throwing his skin over him, sunk into a profound slumber on the floor.

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The storm continued to beat without with the greatest fury. The mother and daughter listened with the utmost intensity to every sound between the sighings of the blast; but all was silent. Hour after hour did they wait, now going to the door, and looking over the snowy waste, listening for the loud halloo which should sig-

nify her husband and sons' approach. They were, however, at last tired with watching. The mother paced the apartment with a perturbed step, while poor Marian sat down in her rude chair, and sobbed loudly.

The Indian opened his eyes, and observing the dulness of his hostess and her daughter, in the rude Indian manner seemed anxious to learn the cause of their grief, which a few words were sufficient to explain, owing to the natural sagacity of the Indian. Immediately, the savage, after his fashion, became a comforter, and vowed he would bring her husband back dead or alive, and seizing his arms, instantly left the cottage.

The mother and daughter were once more alone, but yet had hope and faith; they again turned over the pages of the Bible, and derived support and consolation from it. Patience now took the place of anxiety, and hope and trust that of perplexity and fear.

Reuben and Matthew were buried in the snow, and so closely covered on all sides, that it was impossible to move either hand or foot. Indeed they had enough to do to breathe. The old man, however, had presence of mind to call out to his son to make an effort to keep the snow from his head and face, and both manfully pressed the snow on all sides of them, till they had elbow room. In doing this, they were, however, completely saturated with wet. They worked away with redoubled vigour, and after half an hour's labour had made a space sufficiently large to enable themselves to turn and move, and to converse with each other, although all around was dark and silent as the grave itself.

“Courage and fortitude,” said Reuben, “patience and faith, are above all things needful for us now. We must only consider ourselves as rabbits, and burrow our way out; and let us hope that the effort in doing so will keep us

from freezing. The cold, however, was not so intense as might have been expected, and the two unfortunates felt there was some warmth in a coat of snow, and saw that although it might be very inconvenient to them to be covered up, it was of great advantage to vegetation; without which, in a country like Canada, many species of plants would perish. So they were content to bear partial evil for general good, knowing that the laws of creation must be submitted to, and if it was the will of the Governor of the Universe that they should perish, it was their duty to bear their misfortune not only unrepiningly, but cheerfully. At the same time they felt it no less a duty to use every effort to extricate themselves from it.

Notwithstanding all the efforts made by father and son to extricate themselves, they made but little progress; and although they endeavoured to cut their way out as well as their hands would enable them, they felt their powers quite

unequal to the task. Nor were they certain, while making these efforts, of not making a way longitudinally in the snow ridge, instead of cutting through it. All they knew was, that they were overwhelmed with snow: they could not form any calculation as to the length or breadth of the mountain that covered them. They worked away, however, manfully in one direction; but what with the difficulty of breathing, the paralyzing effect of the severe cold, and the exhaustion that accompanies severe exertion, they felt that they must after all submit to their fate, and sink dead in the snow.

“Father, my dear, good father,” said Matthew, “I cannot feel my hands; I can go on no further.”

“Nor I,” said the old man. “Come close to me, my boy, and let us die together. Would that we knew the time of night.”

“It must be near morning,” said Matthew, “I am sure we seem to have been more than

twelve hours buried here ; and I think that it is lighter than it was."

"It is only the moon shining through the snow, and I judge by it we are nearer to the shallow part of the ridge ; a few efforts more, if we could make them."

The old man tried to tear some more of the snow from its compact bed, but in vain. "Alas !" said he, "I have lost the use of my arms, and must submit. Come close to me, boy. Perhaps our warmth—but I am sleepy—O, so sleepy."

"'Tis the sleep of death," said Matthew. "Rouse yourself, dear father !" for he knew well that a sensation of drowsiness was always the precursor of death by frost. "Come, come near me ; let the warmth of my young blood give new life to yours."

With that the young man clasped his father round, and hugged him with all his might, and began to chafe his almost frozen limbs. Afte

some minutes' labour, the old man revived, and made another fruitless effort at extrication.

"It is of no use," said he, "God's will be done; let us kneel and pray for our family." The old man dropped on his knees, and began repeating the Lord's Prayer, in which Matthew joined with heartfelt devotion.

At this moment, a dull report of fire-arms was heard through the snow. Matthew jumped on his feet, and ejaculated—

"Did you hear that, Father?"

"I heard nothing," said Reuben.

"That was the report of a gun! Succour is at hand if we can make ourselves heard. Shout! shout father, with me; now, both together—Hallo-o-o!—Hallo-o-o!"

They shouted and listened, but no sound in reply reached them. They shouted again; a low creaking sound was heard, as of the tread of some one not far from them. They were about to shout the third time, when a louder

report than the former broke on their gladdened ears. Again they shout.

A reply was returned to their last effort ; but it sounded to them something like the Indian yell, and not at all like friendly succour ; but now they heard sounds as if some one was clearing away the snow ; and in a few minutes stood before them, in the clear moonlight, a native Indian.

“Augh ! Augh ! Augh !” said the latter, and beckoned for them to approach. Without waiting for a reply, he took hold of the legs of the old man, who had sunk exhausted, and pulled him forth. At the same time, Matthew found himself, with very little effort, again among the living.

The Indian said but little. His were deeds, not words. He immediately stripped himself of all his furs ; and after taking off the outer garments of the old man, wrapped him therein, and poured some spirits down his throat. He then handed to Matthew a pair of mocassins, and

having taken the old man on his shoulder, made signs that they were to pass over the snow.



The Indian took a circuitous route, and a few minutes brought him to the borders of the forest ; and here, among the dense trees and rushes, a path was discovered comparatively open. Through this he carried Reuben ; and after reaching a little nook or dell, laid him down.

A little gunpowder laid on his priming pan immediately gave light to a pine candle; and in an incredibly short space of time, a fire was kindled, and the Indian had the satisfaction of seeing his unfortunate invalid safe. He again rubbed the old man with snow, and beckoned for Matthew to rub his legs, arms, and face, in the same manner, to prevent his being frost-bitten. After piling up the fire, he intimated he must leave them, and rapidly darted through the densest part of the woods.

Had an angel from heaven appeared to the two travellers, they could not have had a more signal deliverance. The Indian's conduct seemed to them strange, and they were quite lost in attempting to explain the cause of his sudden appearance. It seemed to them both as some dream, and they could scarcely believe that they were safe, and had a large fire blazing before them.

Here they sat, and as they came to themselves, approached nearer to the fire, till they were

completely restored. Soon after, the day began to dawn, and just as the clear red sunlight was glancing through the pine trees, they heard the Indian's hallo ; and, in a few minutes, he again stood before them with a basket of provisions, and every requisite of which they stood in need.

After partaking of this, the whole set off for home ; and after a walk of seven or eight miles, reached their welcome dwelling. Reuben rushed to his wife ; and Marian and Matthew clasped each other ; while the other brothers expressed their joy by their looks.

Theirs too, had been a perilous adventure. They had lost themselves in the snow ; and had it not been for the good Indian who met them, and assured them of their father's safety, it is possible that they might have slept the sleep of death, with the snow for a winding-sheet.

But who was the poor Indian that had so interested himself, and braved the dangers of

that fearful night with such courage and devotion? When Reuben came to look at him more attentively, he discovered that it was one that he had once rescued from the scalping knife of an enemy. For months he had never seen this man. Accident, or rather Providence, threw him during the storm in the vicinity of the cottage, which he entered for that shelter generously afforded him; and he testified, as well as his broken and rude English would allow him, that "one good turn deserves another."

"And now," said Reuben, "having thanked God for our deliverance, let us not forget that He is always near to those that call upon Him in spirit and in truth."

CHAPTER IX.

LOG-BURNING—VISIT TO THE INDIAN WIGWAMS.

I HAVE given you already some notions of the wild Indians inhabiting the back-woods of Canada. They are a dark-coloured race ; and it is supposed, as the customs of each seem to be much alike, that America was peopled from the Tartar races of Asia ; but this is merely conjecture. It is, however, a clear matter of fact, that the Whites, as they have proceeded in their colonization, have destroyed the native population to make room for themselves, particularly when the country was first peopled by them. Their number is now considerably decreased ; and, perhaps, at no very distant period, the Indian races

will be extinct. They are now supposed to amount to only 100,000 souls.

I therefore resolved to become acquainted with this far-famed race, by making a personal visit to one of their camps or villages in the woods ; and accordingly, having engaged an old friend, a half-pay officer, Captain Spritsail, to accompany me, we started off through the woods at an early hour. The woods are called the bush in this country ; and away we went through bush and brake, my companion being armed with a rifle, and Peter Parley with his walking stick.

Our road, in the first instance, took us over a large expanse of prairie, bordered by a considerable stretch of newly-cleared land, running in one direction through the woods. Here is a picture of both the prairie and the land alluded to. The prairie stretched in one direction as far as the eye could reach ; and was bounded on the other by the deep and thick forest.

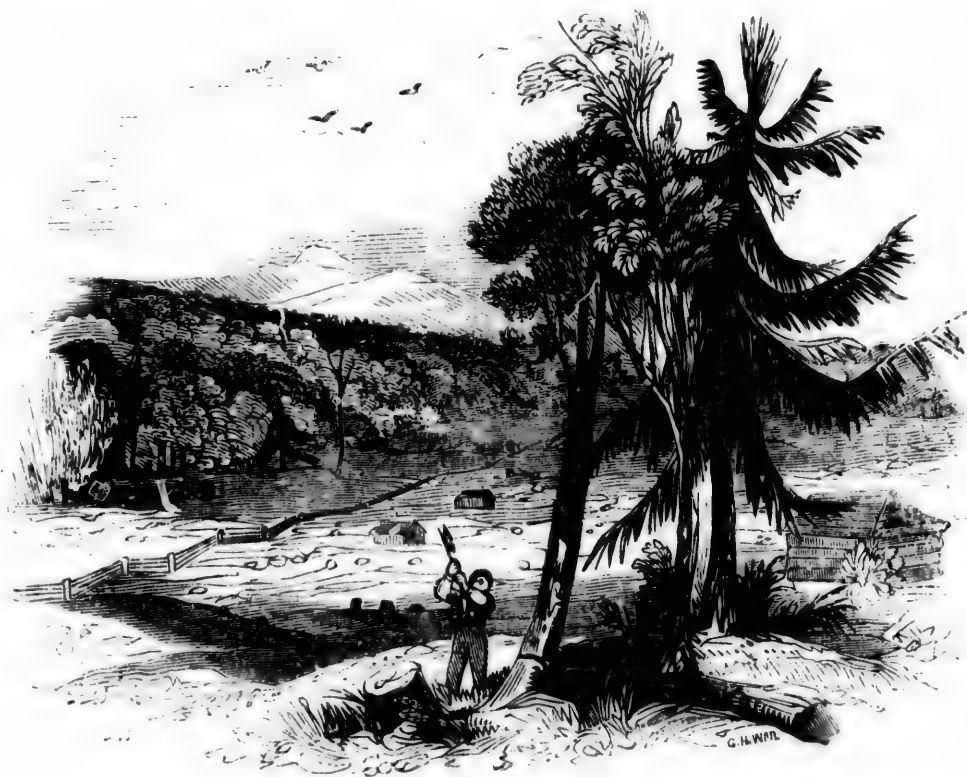
It was now the autumnal season, and the richness of the scenery was increased by the



bronzed appearance of the leaves of the trees ; but there was something still more grand to be seen as we passed on, which I shall describe to you.

Some settlers had what is called a log-burning the day before, and piles of wood and other matters cleared from the land had been set on fire, for the purpose of consuming it, for the great hindrance to agriculture in this country

is the large quantity of wood. In England you know trees are very valuable, because there are not so many; but here they are considered an incumbrance, and every means is devised for



getting rid of them. One of these is burning them. Accordingly, large numbers of logged

trees are put together and fired. On this occasion several settlers had united to have a burning, and had set fire to several heaps of wood, which had been burning all night.

This would have been an imposing sight ; but more met my eye than the mere burning of some logs of wood, for a part of the forest was on fire. Lofty pines were flaring away in the light of the rising sun. The fire running up to the tops, leaving their black stems all wreathed with flame. It was indeed a sublime sight.

This fire had accidentally communicated to the forest, and had extended over several acres ; and when we walked close to it, and heard the snapping and cracking of the timbers, and the noise of the flames, owing to the large quantity of turpentine in the trees, we were quite nervous, so truly awful was the scene. I have known the people in London run, from one end of the town to the other, to see a house or two burnt down. What would they say to such

a sight as this? The flames extending for miles in every direction, darting from tree to tree, and running along the branches with amazing rapidity.

We turned to the left after viewing this splendid sight, and journeyed for a considerable distance over the prairie; at last we again came to the bush, and passed a moderate-sized stream, rolling its somewhat turbid waters through the woods. It fell at last into a small lake not more than half a mile broad, very different from Lake Ontario, which I told you of.

Here I saw several persons fishing with a spear after the Indian fashion. However, they had not much chance, as the time was past; for upon inquiry, I found they had been fishing all night.

The way fishing is performed, is for the fisherman to select a very dark night for his operations. He then steps into a little light canoe, on the bows of which is affixed, on a long pole, a

grated iron basket containing a fire, composed of the wood of the fat pine, which burns very brilliantly.

This light renders objects distinctly visible below the surface of the water. The fisherman guides the boat along the stream or lake; the other stands up with a fishing spear, in the attitude of old Neptune on Somerset House, ready to strike the fish as they gently glide through the still waters. When he sees a fish he darts his spear, which is a sort of iron trident; if successful, the fish is impaled; but it requires a steady hand and a quick eye.

This sort of fishing must have a very pretty effect at night among the dark umbrage of the pine scenery. The little canoes moving about with their fiery beaks, and the dark figure of the fisherman dimly defined in outline. My friend, the captain, gave me a very lively description of this.

As we passed along, we saw many beautiful sights. The scenery and foliage were always beautiful. And then there were innumerable flights of wild fowl. Some of the ducks were extremely beautiful. I saw now and then an old duck leading her little brood among the rushes ; but upon the least appearance of danger, the whole will often dive to the bottom of the stream, and be seen no more for some length of time.

Leaving our road, we now struck into a by-path, and after traversing among boughs and stumps and fallen leaves for nearly half an hour, we soon discovered the wigwams of part of an Indian tribe. The wigwam is the hut of the Indians, and is formed of poles set up in the same manner as soldiers pile their guns. Between the poles layers of birch are drawn, leaving an opening at the top to let the smoke out. One part in front is left open as a door ; and this, in cold weather, is secured by a blanket.

There were several of these wigwams scattered about at no great distance from each other ; in each of which, was a family of Indians. Before the doors some of the younger branches of them were sporting about, apparently happy enough ; and near to them stood a company of young men practising shooting ; the mark being a large fir cone, placed on a cleft stick, at about fifty yards distant.

As we approached, several of the elder persons came out to visit us. They were very dark as to complexion, with long black shaggy hair. The foremost was partly clad in furs ; and would, I suppose, have been entirely so, had it not been for the warmth of the weather. Some had on them the blanket coat, which they obtain from the settlers in exchange for furs. The chiefs, for so I found out two of these elderly persons were, were accompanied by three or four deer hounds, which eyed us with more suspicion than their masters, and did us the honour to put

their noses to our European garments. They were, however, extremely civil, and put us in no apprehension.



Among the women, of which there were six or seven, was one, a very interesting girl of seventeen, remarkably well shaped, and possessed of a profusion of raven hair. I believe she was just come from her toilet. Women, throughout

all the world, delight in finery. The great art and charm of dressing is to suit the colours to the complexion; and this the Indian maid had contrived admirably well.

This young girl would have attracted notice even at Almack's. She had fastened to her long dark hair a profusion of English ribbons. She had also placed on her head, one of those mock topaz brooches, which here may be purchased for a few pence; and of this she seemed particularly proud.

The covering of her feet too was quite that of a belle. Indeed, I could not help thinking of the Belle Sauvage, on Ludgate Hill, London. Nothing could be more delicate than her mocassins. They were each of them formed of a single piece of leather, having the seams ornamented with beads and porcupine quills; while a string of scarlet ribbon confined the moccasin round the instep, and made every other part of it set close to the foot. The moccasin

was of a bright yellow, and made from the skin of a deer, which had been killed by the arrow of one of the Indian youths.

Do not laugh at old Peter Parley's saying so much about this young woman. You know a naturalist will devote a whole chapter to the description of a bird, from the tip of his bill to the end of his tail; count the feathers in its wings, and declaim, with the highest rapture, on its variegated plumage. Is not a woman more than a bird? Surely an old man may be forgiven for a few remarks on the foot of an Indian beauty. *Utrum horum mavis accipe.*

We now put our heads into the wigwam, and beheld three or four women apparently at work on a robe, for their chieftain. They immediately made room for Peter Parley, and I soon sat down in the midst of them.

What struck me as the most remarkable when I entered this "parlour and kitchen and all," was too little baskets with children in

them. They looked exactly like Egyptian mummies.

These baskets are of an upright form, with a handle at the top, and with a sling behind. By the handle they are hung upon a peg, on the inside of the wigwam, and the sling is used to enable the mammas of the popoases (for that is the Indian name for infants) to carry them behind their backs. When a squaw, which is the name of an Indian wife, enters a hut, she takes off her popoase, and either sits it up in a corner, or hangs it on the pole of the wigwam.

Two of the younger women were occupied in working some elegant sheaths in deer skin, richly wrought over with coloured quills and beads. They kept their beads and quills in the lid of an old tin pot on their knees. Their thread was the fine dried sinews of the deer.

I very much astonished them, by pulling from my long-coat pocket a variety of articles, some

of which they had never seen before. The principal of which was a handful of the glass-cutters' drops, such as are used to ornament the chandeliers with. I gave a pair to each of the women, and, besides this, my friend the captain had a dozen of the gilt token pieces of Queen Victoria, which they took for so much gold; and when we gave it them, they sprang up with a loud hilloo, and the most frantic gestures of joy.

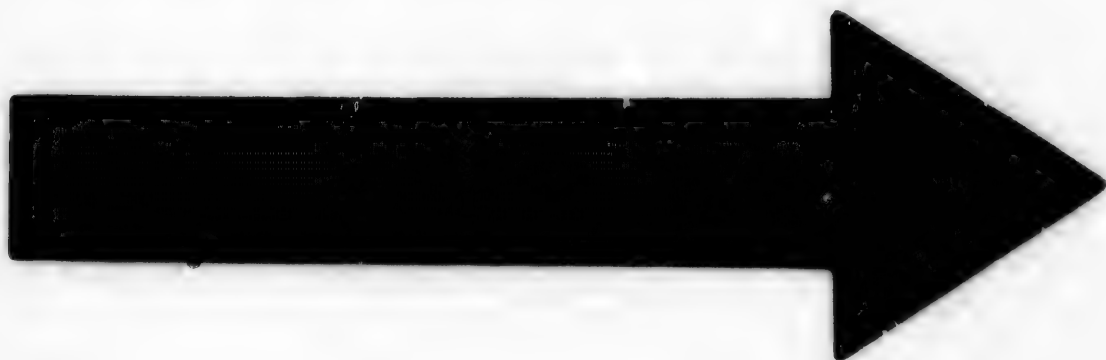
At last I brought out a small looking-glass, of a very good thick plate, and hung it on the side of the wigwam, but it was immediately snatched down by Pocahontas, the savage belle, who ran out of the hut looking at herself, and capering as if mad, while the squaws, one and all, ran after her, leaving us almost alone.

I believe I never should have called the women back, they seemed so delighted, had I not exhibited two or three gauze scarfs of gaudy colours, and a few ribbons. These, however, brought the women again round me; nor were

the men uninterested, but came gaping and staring at us with great astonishment. I then signified I wished to deal with them.



They were not slow at understanding this, and immediately a considerable number of articles were drawn from pouches formed between the poles, all round the inside of the



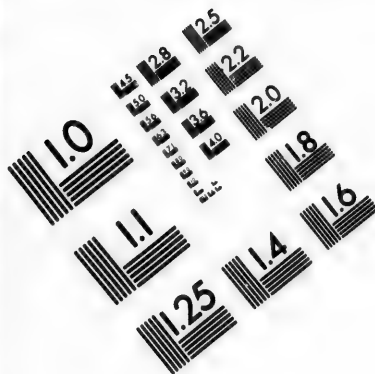
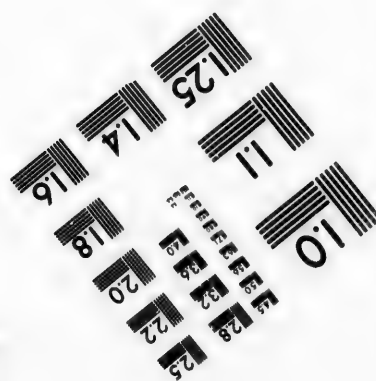
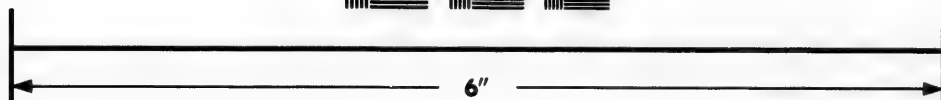
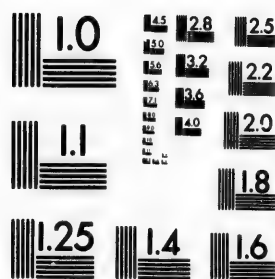


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wigwam. These consisted of dressed skins, furs, quills, and various nicnacs, which they threw down on the ground, and signified were to be mine.

I selected a few of the more finished articles in exchange for the looking-glass alone. This business affair being settled, we then gave to each of the young men some little article of value, and to each of the women one of the gauze scarfs. They seemed almost inclined to worship us.

Upon some further communication with this family, I found that they had been visited by some of our missionaries, and they made signs that we should kneel down and pray for them to God. One of them produced a little book, containing the Gospel of St. Matthew, printed in the Indian language, which, however, he had not yet learned to read.

I shook my head, and gave them to understand that I was not a minister, and as to the cap-

tain, they did not take him for one. At last, the oldest of the men fell down on his knees, and offered up a prayer, in the Indian language, holding the book firmly clasped between his hands all the time. When he had finished, he made signs to all around him to sit down ; and suddenly arose, in the deep silence of the pine-forest, a hymn of praise, sung with a devotion I have seldom witnessed. I was quite astonished : but I felt glad, that God was known in the wilderness, and thought of that beautiful verse in Isaiah, "The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the seas."

When the hymn was ended, we prepared to depart, and the elder chief made signs that he would accompany us. He comprehended the place we named, as wishing to proceed to, and took up his tomahawk, and with his two sons led the way through the bush. We could not, however, part with our female friends without

shaking them by the hand ; and as to our Indian belle, she seemed desirous to accompany us.

We went on through many a rugged way. Sometimes the forest was so thick, as almost to exclude the light of the sun, at other times we passed through spots beautiful from their very wildness. After half an hour's march, we heard a hallooing at a short distance. Our Indian guide directed us to turn aside to a quiet little dell, which had a small brook running through it.

On one side of this little brook, in an open space, was a pile of stones, heaped upon the grave of an Indian warrior. The Indians who pass near visit this grave. A party had just reached the spot : it consisted of a chief, war-captains, and squaws.

The Indians, from the back settlements, in travelling to the eastward, never fail to leave the main road, and visit the grave of their departed hero. If a stone be thrown down, they reli-

giously restore it to the pile, and sitting round the rude monument seem to meditate profoundly — catching, perhaps, a local emotion from the place.

The Indians all assembled round the grave, and sat down ; after a solemn pause, like that of a Quakers' meeting, the old chief arose, with considerable dignity, and knocking his war-club against the ground, made a short speech, apparently a sort of oration, over the body of his brother, as I afterwards understood it was.

When the chieftain came to the close of a sentence, there was a dreadful cry of whoo— whoo—whoop ! from the hearers, and this occurred several times during the oration ; at last, when he had finished, the Indian struck his club with fury against the ground, and the whole party obeyed this signal, by joining in a war-dance, leaping, and brandishing their knives at the throats of each other ; and accompanying their menacing attitudes with a whoop and

a yell, which echoed with ten-fold horror from the hollow woods.

I dare say you have heard of the great orators of antiquity, such as Demosthenes and Cicero, or of those of our own times, such as Pitt, Fox, Canning, and Brougham. But no orator ever exceeded this savage chief, in the force of his emphasis, and the propriety of his gesture. Indeed, the whole scene was highly dignified.

The fierceness of his countenance, the flowing robe, elevated tone, naked arm, and erect stature, with a circle of auditors seated on the ground, and in the open air, on a spot eminently romantic, made me think nothing of all modern eloquence.

I once heard a French orator pronounce a funeral oration over a general, in the Père la Chaise, but that was nothing to the moving eloquence of the Indian, which I felt, although I could not understand it.

When the dance was finished, the chief produced a keg of spirits, and having taken a draught, passed it round among his brethren. The squaws now moved the tomahawks out of the way, and a scene of riot ensued. The keg was soon emptied. The effects of the liquor began to display itself in the looks and motions of the Indians. Some rolled their eyes with distraction, others could not keep on their legs.

At length succeeded the most dismal noises, such whoops, such shouts, such yells! They first wrestled as in play. Then this turned to earnest. Each strove to do some injury to another. One seized the other by the throat, who in return kicked his adversary. To complete the scene, the old warrior was uttering the most mournful lamentations over the keg he had emptied, inhaling its flavour with his lips, and holding it out with his hands in a supplicating attitude, and vociferating to the bystanders

"Scuttawawbah ! Scuttawawbah ! More strong drink ! more strong drink !"

"What do you say, Parley, to establish a Temperance Society, in this tribe," said the captain.

"Well," said I, "I think it would be a good thing for the poor creatures."

I shrugged up my shoulders. Our Indian guide did the same, evidently in abhorrence of these scenes, which his better teaching had won him from. And we turned with a heavy heart, and unobserved, from contemplating the curse of civilization upon savage life.



CHAPTER X.

THE SUGAR MAPLE—BATTLE BETWEEN THE SNAKE AND
ORIOLE—FLYING SQUIRREL—BEAVER DAM.

I DARE say you wonder where I am wandering away to now. If you remember, the last place I was at was Cobourg: it is on the north bank of lake Ontario, which I described to you. The place where I met the Indians, was between this place and lake Simcoe, which you will see on the map, lying to the north-west of Cobourg. I at last found my way down to York, and from this place determined to proceed to the other lakes, of which you have not yet heard.

The weather was now becoming warm, and I

began to be annoyed, by what is by no means a usual insect, in what we may term cold latitudes, namely the mosquito, or rather a black wicked-looking fly, with black body, and white legs and wings. These little fellows are quite in their element, when they can get a nibble at your nose, and attacked mine with as little ceremony, as did my old friend Father Frost, of which I think I told you.

These little gentlemen are more annoying than even the mosquitos, and having taken a certain portion of your blood, leave the part from which they have extracted the precious beverage, very red and inflamed. As to the mosquitos, we easily kept them away, with setting fire to little heaps of damp shavings; but we were obliged to undergo a process very similar to that made use of in curing hams, which is not very agreeable to living flesh and blood.

In spite of the mosquitos and all their race, the captain and I proceeded on our journey

towards the famous Falls of Niagara, of which, I dare say, you have sometimes heard. We travelled partly in a boat, and partly by land, and in both had many things to admire. Among other things I saw what you will think to be a very odd sight, in a country so far north as Canada, namely, people making sugar.

You are now thinking of the sugar-cane, and fancying, I dare say, whole fields of this plant being hoed and cut down by black negroes, under all the wickedness of slavery. But the Canadians can make sugar without the sugar-cane; perhaps you will be surprised when I tell you that sugar can be made from old linen rags.

Ay, do not think I am joking with you, for it is true. The reason is, that all vegetable substances contain a large proportion of what is called the saccharine principle, that is the sweet principle. Chemists have discovered a method of treating even linen rags in such a manner,

that a pound of old rags can be converted into more than its weight of sugar.

I dare say, when you read Cinderella and the Little Glass Slipper, you thought it very wonderful, that the fairy should turn the pumpkin into a coach, the rat into a coachman, and the mice into footmen. But the chemist can perform more wonderful feats than these, of which I may tell you some of these days.

The Canadian people do not, however, make sugar out of old rags, any more than they do out of the sugar-cane. Sugar may also be made from parsnips, beet-root, and carrots. But it is from neither of these productions that it is made in Canada, but from a tree called the sugar maple.

The maple tree is a very pretty tree, as you have noticed. This undergoes the operation of tapping like a butt of beer. First a gash is cut in the tree, or a hole is bored with an auger, and a piece of elder is then inserted, which you

into know is of a hollow, cylindrical shape. This slants a little downward, and sticks out like the spout of a pump. Through this runs the sap of the tree very freely into a pan or trough. Several trees being tapped in this way, the whole is collected during the day, and boiled down before the next.

I saw two boys at this work, they had been collecting the sap, and chopping wood to boil it with, during the day. In the evening a pole was fixed across two forked stakes, and between them a large iron kettle was hung. Ay, and a pretty sight it was in the evening, to see the fire blazing away among the leaves of the trees. Sometimes when the fire was fierce, the young sugar-boilers poured in more sap to keep it from boiling into the fire.

After this has been done, the sap will keep. When a large quantity is stored in this way, it is sent to the sugar-boilers, and after being skimmed a good many times, it arrives at what

is called the sugar point, when it is taken out and speedily crystallizes.

The sugar thus made, is not like the refined sugar of our shops, but resembles powdered sugar-candy; such as is sold by grocers, sometimes, to sweeten coffee. Besides the sugar made in this way, a good deal of treacle is obtained, which is very useful.

The Canadians also make very good vinegar of the sap of the maple. This is done by boiling five pails of sap down to two, and fermenting it; but it is not so good as our manufactured vinegar, and has got the insects in it.

You will wonder what I mean by this. You must know, then, that in all home-made vinegar, as it is called, the fermentation breeds animalculæ. These animalculæ may be seen with a microscope, and resemble, in the one I saw them with, large eels, as much as three or four feet long. They were magnified, though, above forty thousand times.

In the manufacture of vinegar the makers in England are allowed by act of parliament to put in a certain portion of oil of vitriol, which kills the insects; not that they are of the slightest harm. You may eat two or three hundred thousand of them and know nothing about it. When we think of this we ought not to be afraid of anything.

And this puts me in mind of some very beautiful reptiles I saw in my journey, namely, green frogs. These have a beautiful green body marked all over with brown oval spots. They are about the size of the largest English frogs. I dare say you have often heard the croaking of these. They are called by some people in England Lincolnshire nightingales or Dutch thrushes; but the note of the green frog is much more musical, and very much resembles the note of a bird.

Here is a great bull-frog, and very droll creatures they are. I remember in going

through a swampy place, one of these odd gentlemen suddenly popped his head up from among the hedges, and cried willeroo, willeroo, willeroo. At the same moment a reply was heard from a distant part of the swamp, get out, get out, get out; and immediately afterwards a full chorus, from old and young, made the woods ring again.

While we were sauntering along admiring everything we saw and heard, and watching the bursting of the spring in every blade and bud, my attention was directed suddenly to a spot a little a-head of me, by the captain's calling out, Good luck and fine weather—they are the three primitives.

The three primitives, thought I, what can this mean? While I was so considering what my old friend meant by this sudden exclamation, he again cried out, There they are, red, blue, and yellow. They are the weather makers. I looked before me and saw three birds at no great distance from each other, one was nearly

red, another nearly blue, and the third nearly yellow.

This was a rather uncommon sight, and I then recollected that red, blue, and yellow are the three primitive colours. The red bird is a very beautiful creature, nearly all red, and is, I believe, the same as the Virginia nightingale. The blue bird is equally beautiful, its plumage a sky blue. The yellow bird is something like our yellow-hammer, but the colours are far more brilliant.

But there is another beautiful sight which I must not forget to tell you of, and that is a clustering of the snow bunting. You have, I suppose, seen the starlings on the cold autumnal months flying about in flocks, and suddenly alighting upon some bushy tree; which seems literally covered with them. In this manner the snow bunting flies about. I had my attention suddenly aroused by a rushing of wings, and when I looked up beheld a lime

tree which had the appearance of being covered with stars of silver that twinkled and sparkled like spangles. Presently the whole flight were off to another tree, keeping just before us for some hundred yards; at last several trees were covered, and then the whole darted off towards the pine forests.

There are a considerable number of the reptile breed in Canada, but few of them are, however, dangerous to man, although most of them are to some animal or other. One of the most annoying to birds is the black snake, which grows to a considerable size. These fellows will occasionally pay their respects to a bird's nest and devour the young birds, and many are the battles that take place between the old birds and the snakes. I was called aside one day to witness an encounter of this kind; a large black snake had coiled himself round the stem of a maple tree, and was creeping his head sily along a branch towards the nest of the

oriole, a bird not much larger than our thrush ; but the little heroine flew at the snake as his head was out with the greatest fury ; the other hissing and dashing his forked tongue as if he



would do mischief if he could. At last the oriole came to closer fight, and what with her wings and beak, which she made the best use of, I can tell you, the snake was glad to drop

quietly down again to the bottom of the tree, and slink off as cowards generally do.

Among other interesting things that I saw as we walked along, my attention was on one occasion directed to a hawk flying over my head at a considerable height. It seemed to be much worried from a little bird screaming close after it; now rising close under its belly and then dashing sideways, uttering all the time a shrill, querulous cry. I found out afterwards that this small bird was only a swallow, and that the hawks were terribly afraid of them. The hawk, with all its swiftness, never can succeed in flying down or pouncing upon a swallow, which has superior agility and swiftness of wing. This the little creature knows, and confident in its powers, makes it a rule to torment the hawk by following him whenever an opportunity occurs, till he has driven him off his domain, for the benefit, not of himself, but other little birds.

You have often heard of bears, I dare say.

There are bears in Canada, and what is better they afford excellent ham, and as to bear's-grease there is no difficulty in procuring that if it would make your hair grow. Some of our young English friends when they first came over, having read in the newspapers of bear's-grease promoting the growth of hair and causing it to grow on bald places, thought they would have some whiskers, if it was possible to obtain them, and actually purchased the whole of the fat of a bear for this especial purpose. They anointed themselves every night with it, rubbed it on each side of the face, but all to no purpose. A good breakfast off a bear's ham would have done them much more good, as I can testify, for I never made a more delicious meal than when I had a bear's ham for my breakfast.

A ludicrous circumstance occurred with a bear, of which I was told. Bears are extremely fond of honey, and will sometimes steal into the settlers' gardens and lift the bee-hives up to

obtain it ; one had succeeded in lifting the hive, but the bees flew out upon him and clustered round his head and ears, making him roar with pain. Vainly did Bruin try to brush them off with his paws ; he rolled himself on the ground, tried all manner of expedients ; at last he had the sagacity to dip his head into a water butt which stood by, and thus thoroughly soused, got away from his intruders.

Bears are also sometimes fond of pigs. A bear had formed a sincere and devoted attachment to a young porker belonging to an Irishman, and formed a design to elope with her the first moonlight night ; he cautiously approached the log-house, and succeeded in getting through an aperture close by the piggery. He then, watching his opportunity, seized Miss Jess by the leg who immediately called out for assistance in the most expressive tones. Had she been a young lady, of course she would have fainted, but being a pig, she was more

reasonable and squeaked violently. This brought poor Paddy to the spot, but at this moment Bruin had succeeded in getting part of the pig through the window. A hind leg was, however, left for Pat, who attached himself to it with the greatest ardour. Bruin hearing the shouts of the Irishman, and withal feeling the point of



an iron toasting-fork, which the Irishman happened to have in his hand, and which he thrust through the open spaces of the log-house at him, consented to be what is called in law, non-suited, and went off with the payment of costs.

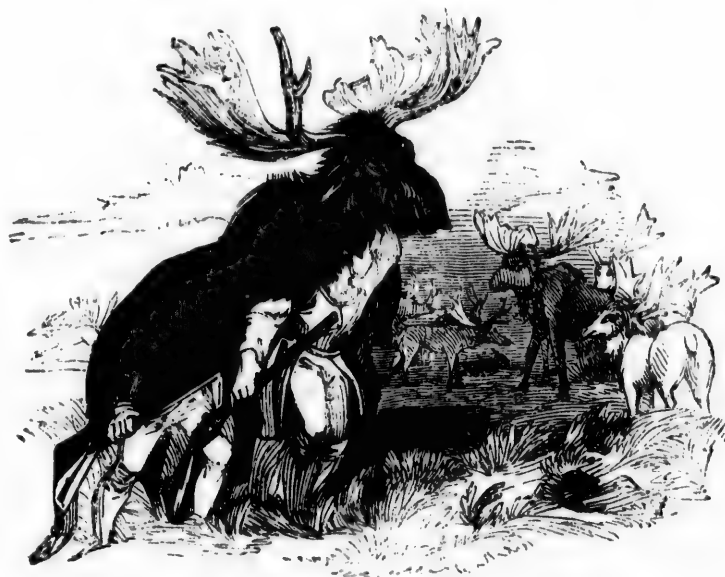
Among other things highly amusing in Canada,

is the manner in which deer are shot both by the native Indians and the settlers. There are several kind of deer in Canada, common of course to the high latitudes of the north American continent. The moose deer is the largest, being seven feet high ; the upper lip is very large and broad, and is called the mouffle. This animal does not graze, but browses on the leaves and young roots of trees ; it is a fierce animal when provoked, but naturally tame and inoffensive. Besides this, there is the great American elk, which is seldom seen ; the skeleton is something similar to those dug up in the south of Ireland, and the horns or antlers are tremendous.

The deer which are usually shot are varieties of the American kind, which are exceedingly numerous both on the prairie and in the forest. The mode of killing them sometimes is as follows :

Two hunters go out, each armed with a rifle,

conveying a deer skin with them; when they get within sight of a herd they contrive to envelop themselves so with the skin as to resemble in some degree the animal. They advance slowly, imitating the motions of the deer as nearly as possible. Should any of the herd



turn round to notice them, they immediately stop, and begin rubbing the horn against the leg as the animal usually does, with any other motions common to the animal while grazing.

In this way the hunters get close to the deer, sometimes quite into the midst of them; they are thus enabled to single out the fattest. In a moment the skin is dropped and both the hunters fire together; in a moment they reload, unless they have double-barrelled rifles, when they fire again, and so on till the deer have scampered far beyond their reach.

Besides the deer the formidable bison is sometimes, but extremely rarely, seen on the wilds of the backwoods. He keeps himself far from man, and it is a good thing for the settlers that he does, for he is by no means a pleasant person to do business with; he is of a dusky-brown colour, with two short black round horns, high shoulders, short and thick legs, naked and stumpy tail; his forehead is covered with long flocks of woolly hair, which give him a very savage appearance. I never saw one but once, said my friend the captain, and he glared at me through an opening in the pine bush, his eyes

seemed like fire as he tossed up the earth over his head with his feet, and looked so mischievous that I was forced to walk out of sight of him with my rifle cocked.

While we were passing along the woods conversing about rein-deer, bisons, and other animals, we were surprised at hearing a thrumming noise close to us resembling the turning of a spindle or small wheel; on looking round we perceived two beautiful humming-birds coming fluttering along in the oddest manner imaginable. If the noise they made resembled a spinning wheel, so did their flight, for they came tumbling on, seeming to flutter round and round, so that I could scarcely see their colours. I could, however, distinguish that they were very beautiful: I dare say you did not think I should find humming-birds in Canada. Besides these, however, I saw an abundance of large and small beetles, green and gold, some rose colour, and others black; but what were more beautiful

were the *fire flies*; and when these were seen sporting among the dark cedar trees in the evening, they had a very pretty effect — ay, to my thinking, far better than a London illumination by gas light.

We now took a boat to pass from Fort St. George towards the Falls of Niagara, of which I shall have to tell you by and by. As we rowed on we came to what are called the rapids, and as we were looking to see how the water twisted and twirled about just as if it was moving in a set of quadrilles, my attention was directed to what I supposed to be a rat, tugging along against the stream. When we got closer we found, however, that it was a dear little squirrel swimming away towards the shore. We passed between him and the bank, and the boatman put out his oar with a view to lift him out of his element. In a moment when he felt the oar under him he ran along it with remarkable dexterity, dashed into the boat, flew into the

hat of poor Peter Parley, and plunged into the stream on the other side. All this was done before I could put my hand to my head.

This squirrel was of the common kind, but there are others more remarkable ; one of which is the flying squirrel, and this is, I think, one



of the prettiest of any ; it is grey, and the fur is as soft as velvet ; it has beautiful eyes, and whiskers that would have done honour to a captain of the dragoons. If you look at the

picture you will see that a membrane connects the fore with the hind feet, so that in leaping from tree to tree, it sails along as on wings to a considerable distance. I have often seen pictures of this little animal, but from being badly drawn it had an ugly bat-like form. The truth is, it is a very pretty little animal.

Before we reached the Falls, we passed up a little creek with a view to call on a friend of the captain's; we left the boat and passed up the stream for some distance; and what do you think we came too? what I had long wished to see, and what I am sure you will be much gratified in hearing an account of—it was a *beaver dam*.

You have often heard of the beaver, I dare say. It is said to be the connecting animal between quadrupeds and fish; it is a most surprising animal, and if you had seen its works and fortifications you would have said so; it is endowed with a most astonishing degree of art

and sagacity, particularly in the construction of its habitation.

The beaver is a social animal, and hundreds



of them live together just as we do in towns and cities ; they assemble together in the spring to the amount of about two hundred in a company in order to provide their future residence ; and just as we came up we could

see plainly that the animals had been at work several days; the spot in which they had chosen to work was a small branch of a running stream, about a hundred feet over in the part in which the pier was being raised, something like the form given above. The pier was thrown over, just as you see it in the drawing, and was about sixty feet long. But as a foundation, the sagacious creatures had cut down with their little teeth a tall pine tree which grew on the point marked by a black dot. They had gnawed it in such a manner that it fell exactly in the spot they wished it, namely, directly across the stream, and reached the other side. The branches had also been cut off of this and other trees, and were driven in, like stakes, around it on the side next to the dam. The pier descended with a slope on that side next the water, the other side of it was perpendicular, and the top had a breadth of about two feet.

When we first saw that we were approaching a beaver's dam, we moved with great caution, with a view to get a sight of what these creatures were doing. At last by getting behind some trees, we stood quite unobserved, and very busy they were indeed. Some were at a short distance, cutting small branches from the trees, and trimming them up as smooth as possible. Others were ferrying them down the stream, while others were carrying the slimy stuff they used for mortar, on their tails, just like so many bricklayers.

As to their habitations, they had scarcely begun them; but the captain told me that they were generally about twelve feet long, and eight or ten in breadth, and large enough to house eight or ten beavers; and if the number of inhabitants increase, the habitation is proportionably enlarged, and sometimes a hundred beavers have been found together in one large house,

divided into a great number of apartments. But generally each family of beavers have their own house.

The shape of the beaver castle is generally oval, and so well roofed as to be water-proof. Its interior is as nicely constructed, and with the same degree of art, having a communication both with the water and land, and making provisions against rapid changes of weather, and against floods. While we stood looking at them, I happened to cough, and in a moment one of the beavers gave the water a slap with his tail, and the whole community were immediately under the stream.

We did not go further to disturb these interesting animals, but left them to pursue their avocations in peace. As we turned away, the captain told me it was the general opinion that the great wild meadows, or savannahs of North America, were caused by the beaver dams,

which, by covering the ground with water, destroy the trees and bushes, and form reservoirs for the melted snows and autumnal rains to deposit the rich soil of the highlands. If so, what a wonderful provision of the Great Author of Nature.



CHAPTER XI.

FALLS OF NIAGARA—NAVY ISLAND.

YOU have heard, more or less, I dare say, of the Falls of Niagara, for they are, without question, the largest falls of any river in the world. I told you about lake Ontario. There is a connecting stream, called the Niagara river, between this lake and lake Erie; and as the waters of lake Ontario are lower than those of lake Erie, and the other lakes which run into it, it follows, that somehow or other the stream must continue to descend to this level.

This it does in a truly sublime manner, at a point about half way between the two lakes.

The Niagara is about thirty miles long, and traverses a very beautiful country. At Fort Erie it is about a mile wide, but as it gets nearer to a place called Blackrock, it contracts itself to about half a mile in width; and here is a ferry, and a very difficult ferry it is to pass, for the stream runs at the rate of seven miles an hour. From this place the river widens again, till it is cut in twain by an island twelve miles long, and from two to seven broad, called Pound Island. Below this is Navy Island, on the American side; and just within sight of this place (the eye looking over a sort of bay, which the river makes here) are the celebrated Falls of Niagara.

Navy Island has lately been the scene of warfare; and it was here that a short time since a party of the rebels entrenched themselves against the British troops. As the Americans have all the other islands on the Niagara, they seem to think they have almost a right to this also, par-

ticularly as it lies on their own side of the water. But this is not right. When the rebels took possession of this island, the Americans afforded them all the assistance they could.

I have often heard that the roar of the falls might be distinguished at a great distance ; and as we passed from Queenstown early in the morning, often did we listen to hear the greetings of the flood. We however listened in vain till we had been about an hour upon our journey. At last, when within about five miles of the place, we heard a sullen, dull, subdued roar—something like distant thunder, but more regular and continuous. It added greatly to the sublimity of the scene, and made us hasten on to get a sight of the grand cataract.

As we went along the banks of the Niagara, we were of course below the falls coming from Queenstown ; and the first visible evidence we had of the falls, was in the masses of foam with which this lower part of the river was covered.

We also beheld a lofty ridge of hills, stretching away to the south-west, part of which formed the precipice for the Niagara cataract. We



then came in sight of the Lake of the Thousand Isles, where a city is to be built on the British side, and is actually commenced. At this point the roar of the cataract was tremendous. Sometimes it resembled the breaking of the sea on the shore in the wildest storms, and at others like

the dreadful booming of artillery, or the hoarse voice of the muffled thunder. The difference in the sound of the waters of the falls was occasioned by the variation of the wind: when it blowed fresh, the sound came with all its force to the ear; when it lulled a little, the noise was comparatively weak.

About four miles above Queenstown, a current of the river makes a circular sweep in the high and perpendicular banks, resembling a bay. The current sweeps round this bay with great violence, and rushes through two perpendicular precipices as if it was mad. The surface of the whirlpool is in a state of continual agitation. The water twists and turmoils and boils about in a fearful manner. Branches and roots of trees are swept round and round, or dashed against the sides of the rocks; sometimes lost for several seconds in the whirling eddy, and then again brought to the surface, to go through the same agitation at another point of the whirlpool.

Amid this din and roar of the cataract we came to an inn at which travellers almost always stop before they make a survey of the Falls. Here we partook of a fowl and a little of sweet Canadian wine, made from malt, and felt more comfortable within, and better adapted for walking, and hearing, and seeing.

It was about the middle of the day, and the sun was shining gloriously. The first thing we saw to strike our attention, was a sort of cloud, or mist, rising from the bottom of the falls towards the top. When the sun's rays fell on this, a most beautiful rainbow was formed, which put me in mind of the angel of hope rising triumphant over the struggles and pangs of death.

It was the beautiful over the terrible ; security over tumult. The sight here, in full view of the falls, was grand in the extreme ; and I think that viewing them from below is by far the most interesting.

The horse-shoe cataract, under which we now stood, is on the British side of the river, and is the largest; and its altitude is a hundred and forty-nine feet, which is almost as high as the Monument. Only think of a river half a mile broad, and twenty-five feet deep, rushing over a rock of this immense height. But this will not give you an idea of the effect produced: you must see it—then you will feel it as I did.

You would scarcely suppose that it would be possible to penetrate behind this immense sheet of water; but it is. Behind this gigantic mass a cavern is formed, a hundred and fifty feet high, fifty broad, and three hundred long. Into this we went; and truly grand and sublime was the effect produced on the mind. Here was a volume of water from four great lakes, the least of which is one thousand two hundred miles in compass, being poured forth towards the ocean in one immense mass. The rocks seemed to tremble with the force of the fall. The din

was so loud, that we could scarcely hear ourselves speak.

When we looked out from behind the edge of the cascade, we could see a splendid rainbow formed in the rising spray, floating, gossamer like, in the mid air. We were at one time actually between the rock and the descending sheet of water. I can hardly tell you what I felt and thought while I stood in this situation.

We now ascended a flight of rude steps cut in the rock, and after an ascent of several minutes, through broken precipices and overhanging bushes, and pine trees, we at last stood upon what is called the Table Rock, from its jutting out in a table-like form, as seen in the picture; it hangs directly over the cataract. I trembled as I went out here, I can assure you; for I fancied I could feel the place shake under me; and as I supposed that some day or other this overhanging ledge of rock would fall into the boiling gulf below, I said to myself, "It might

fall when you are on it, Peter ;" so that I felt rather timid, and moved step by step, till at last I stood pretty near the edge. I could not, however, in this position, see the effect of the fall beneath me ; and the captain told me, if I really wished to see the true grandeur of the falls, I must look over the edge. This I did not feel inclined to do, for fear I should grow dizzy, and fall over myself. The captain, however, proposed that we should both fall down, and creep on our hands and knees, and first peep over the edge ; and setting the example himself, he emboldened me to do the same. After the captain got up, and returned backwards, I crept upon my hands and knees till I could just pop my nose over the edge of the Table Rock. But what a sublime sight ! The depth immense ; the spray ascending like a cloud, which gave an indistinctness to the bottom, that made it seem deeper and more awful than it really was.

I could not look long, I can assure you, and

soon drew back my nose, and my body too, till I stood on what I considered safe ground, *terra firma*, as it is called, and looking about me, obtained a splendid view of the falls and the surrounding scenery. I could, looking southward, mark the first ripple of the rapids leading to the fall, and follow it with its increasing speed, till it reached the tremendous leap, while below, the eye could trace the foaming speed of the river, till it resumed its placid beauty, and was then lost in the distance; while towards Queenstown I could descry the bolder face of the country rising into abrupt and elevated ridges, supposed to have been the banks of the river in former ages.

Beside this fall, I told you there is another; this is called Fort Scloper Fall, which is not more than a thousand feet wide. Besides this, there is another fall, not more than twenty feet in width, adjoining to which is Goat Island.

An enterprising American has constructed a

wooden bridge, six hundred feet in length, from the main bank of the Niagara to Goat Island. When you consider that, as I before said, the stream runs at the rate of seven miles an hour, the difficulty of sinking piles to sustain this bridge may be in some degree estimated.

I saw several wild ducks swimming down the rapids, quite to the edge of the fall, and trembled for their safety. Just, however, as I thought they were about to sink into the roaring gulf, they suddenly took wing, and flew away with a shrill cry, as in defiance of it. Sometimes they would seem to play with the bright wave, and then again resume the wing, and hie far away to the north.

Such was my visit to the Falls of Niagara, a visit I shall never forget, and one worth any person's while to travel a few hundred miles for. After this I made the tour of the other great Canadian lakes, of which I shall tell you in my next chapter.

CHAPTER XII.

COMPARATIVE SIZE AND ELEVATION OF THE LAKES—
THE BOATMAN'S STORY.

IF you look on the map, you will observe other lakes besides that of Ontario, of which I have given you a description. The principal of these are four, besides Ontario: lake Erie, lake Huron, lake Michigan, and lake Superior. These lakes lie on the summit of a range of elevated ground, which stretches nearly across the continent, occupying certain deep cavities, hollowed out on this level summit, and they receive the waters of all those small rivers which are formed on the flat region lying around them.

The navigation from lake Ontario to lake

Erie, is interrupted by the Falls of Niagara, of which you have just heard. From Erie to Huron vessels of large size pass uninterrupted; but the communication is again impeded in the channel which connects the two latter with lake Huron by the Falls of St. Mary. At Niagara, a canal called the Welland Canal, has been formed by the British Government on the Canadian side of the river, which enables vessels to pass from Ontario to Erie without impediment; and I have no doubt a similar canal will ere long, when the present political disturbances are at an end, be formed to compensate the Falls of St. Mary. The whole chain of these inland seas will then be navigable from one end to the other; and as their shores are all of great fertility, the region lying around them may be expected at some future time to be one of the busiest and richest on the globe.

It is remarkable, that none of the rivers of the United States fall into the lakes, and there is no

river that flows out of them over which that country has any command; so that, without industry, the Americans will not have much advantage from them. Already, therefore, canals have been formed from the inland districts of America to the upper portion of the lakes, while from their lower shore, or that which is next to the sea, they have conducted others to give them an outlet to the ocean within their own territory.

Below I have given you the comparative

Name.	Length.	Width.	Depth.	Elevation above the sea.
Ontario . .	180	40	500	231
Erie	270	80	200	565
Huron . . .	250	50	900	615
Michigan .	400	100	unknown	618
Superior . .	480	109	900	641

length, depth, breadth, and elevation above the sea, of the lakes ; by which you see that the surface of Erie is three hundred and thirty-four feet above that of Ontario, so you will not wonder at the wonderful descent of water at Niagara. This lake is about six hundred and fifty-eight miles in circumference, and covers an area of about twelve thousand square miles. In fact, it is a little sea, and I can tell you, that when the wind blows strong, the lake becomes exceedingly rough and boisterous ; and on the north shore, where I was one day, the wind setting in from the southwest, a very dangerous surf beat in. I could see little difference between it and the sea beach. There were shells and fish thrown up, and a variety of aquatic birds screaming around, just as you see and hear them on the sea shore.

The southern shore of the lake, which belongs to the United States, is generally low, and not remarkable for its picturesque beauty, except near the portage of Chataughue, where the cliffs

rise fifty or sixty feet high. The Americans have here a town called Erie, which is defended by a strong battery. You will see it is near the centre of the southern coast. About twenty miles south of the lake the tract of coast bears the name of the Sugar Loaf Country: and very much like an assemblage of *large* sugar loaves it is. Numerous conical hills, from twenty to thirty feet high, composed of sand and clay, are seen all along the coast. The beach at this part is covered with high black rocks, and very dangerous rocks they are when the wind sets in from the north-east.

If you look at the map you will see that the northern shore contains a projection of land reaching quite into the middle of the lake. This is called Long Point, and a very long point the boatmen used to think it when they went from Dover to Bartwell. It was determined by the inhabitants of the district to cut a canal through the middle of this piece of land at its smallest

part ; the engineers went to work and produced an estimate of the expense, which was *twelve thousand pounds*. This, I dare say, would have been thirty thousand pounds before the work had been finished ; there is a vast difference between an estimate for a work and the bill for it afterwards.

While things were pending between engineers and inhabitants, the former cogitating how the work could be done, and the latter the best methods of raising the wind, that is, the money ; the wind itself rose in good earnest, a violent storm came on turning the lake into a sea, and frightening the inhabitants out of their wits.

Everybody thought the storm a most dreadful thing ; several houses were blown down, many hats were lost, old women could not stir out for several days for fear of being blown off their legs, and young women would not for fear of their bonnets ; but 'tis an ill wind that blows nobody good, for this terrible storm ac-

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tually made a breach through the point near the mainland, converting the peninsula into an island, and actually made a canal four hundred yards wide and eight or ten feet deep, almost at the very point where the proposed canal was to have been cut, and rendering little else necessary to secure a safe channel for vessels and a good harbour on both sides than the construction of a pier on the west side, to prevent the channel from being filled with sand.

This lake has also been the scene of warfare between the English and American shipping. A battle was fought between an English and American squadron, which, unluckily for the English, terminated in the capture of the English fleet.

I can tell you that it is by no means a solitary place. This lake Erie is the central situation for all the inland navigation of Canada and America ; steam-boats are passing from shore to shore every day, some coming from the lakes

above, and others from the lakes below ; thousands of people pass and repass over the lake every day ; and on the Sunday, it put me in mind of Margate and Ramsgate steam-boating.

“ Ay, it is all very fine now,” said the elder of two boatmen who were rowing us among the shallows on the northern part of the bay, while I was enjoying the beauty of the scenery, “ It’s all very well now,” said the boatman ; “ Americans and English both live secure and comfortable enough except they choose to fall out with each other, but that has not been lately, whatever it may be by and by. It was not always so even here at Barwell, as I have heard my father say often enough. Yonder rocks, and perhaps this very spot over which I am rowing, has been the scene of a good deal of rough work.”

“ I should think your famous canal was the scene of rough work when the sea and the wind blew the land in two,” said I.

"Yes," said the boatman, "that was a *gale*; but all the fury of the elements are not half so bad as a wild and lawless man, nor do they do half so much mischief."

"I cannot tell, my friend, to what you allude," said I. "But if it is any remarkable circumstance unnarrated, or a good story, pray let us have it."

"A good story; indeed it is an awful good story; ay, and a true one. Why, you cannot look at the Dog's-Tooth rock as it is called, and tell me you never heard about the red pirate, Jack Shrike?"

"I never knew but one pirate called Shrike, and that some people call the butcher-bird," said I.

"Butcher-bird, indeed, he was a butcher-bird;" said the boatman. "Why those rocks were once like a slaughter-house with blood; but if you do not know the story of Jack Shrike the boat pirate, I must tell you."

“ Do tell me. You know I am fond of stories, and I promise you I am as good a listener as a talker.”

THE BOATMAN'S STORY.

“ Well then,” said the boatman, “ you must know that when my father was a boy, which is a good while ago, for I am fifty-four years old next birth-day ; when my father was a boy, all these parts, now so populous, only contained here and there a town, and we had not quite so many magistrates and soldiers, and police officers as we have now, nor king's cutters, and all that sort of thing. The settlers came over as they do now, but they had a great deal more to do I can tell you ; besides, they had very little government, and sometimes a big rogue would start up, and rob, and steal, and murder, who only needed to do it on a ten thousand times

larger scale to have been a hero, such as Mr. Alexander, Mr. Cæsar, and Mr. Bonaparte.

“ One of these heroes on a small scale, a sort of chandler-shop kind of hero, was Jack Shrike. He had been boatswain of a man-of-war; I dare say you know what a boatswain is, one who never takes anything that he does not like, and no more minds stripping the skin over a man's back than he minds eating his breakfast. A good situation is that of a boatswain for the manufacture of a real regular tyrant of as deep a dye as ever made blood flow like water.

“ Well, Jack Shrike had been a boatswain, and withal one so furious that he was obliged to be broke for his severity, and reduced to the rank of a common sailor. Exasperated at this, and vowing deadly vengeance against all mankind, he plundered as many of his mess-mates as he could, lowered himself from the bows of the Spitfire, then lying near Quebec,

and took to the bush, determined to live or die as he called it, a *free man*.

“ He wandered about in the upper province for a year or two, coming into the towns in various disguises, and plundering where he could. After a while he leagued himself with a tribe of Indians, and adopted their dress and habits; at the same time he taught them the use of the cutlass, pistol, and still more deadly rifle. He was acknowledged to be the best broadswordsmen on board the Spitfire, and his aim was so deadly that he used to say he never missed with his rifle from the day he was thirty years old.

“ In person, Shrike was tall, bony, and muscular; his eyes were a fierce grey, his hair as black as a raven's, but what was by no means common, his whiskers and beard were red as a new cedar chip, and nothing could persuade him to clip one or shave the other; he believed that, like Samson, his prowess lay in his hair; or from some other superstitious notion, no

barber was ever allowed to perform operations upon Shrike.

“The Indians called him in their language Shuchabedacrah, or son of the devil; and well they might, for he did such things as completely to throw in the shade even an Indian’s cruelty, and murdered, without the least remorse, all who came in his way, if they came to thwart him.

“Finding the Indians disposed to give him such a high appellation, he determined that they should not do it without reason; he did all in his power to make them believe that he was really the son of the evil one. Having often exhibited himself before them as a demon, he determined for once to show them a pandemonium of his own creation. On one occasion, when the tribe were freely encamped in the centre of one of the pine forests, he stole from them, and having provided himself with some combustible materials, he kindled a flame in

the brush-wood and trees quite round them ; and when the poor wretches awoke at the cracking of the trees and the roaring of the fire, they found him standing over them and dancing about enveloped in flames, he having besmeared himself over with pitch, and tar, and wetted powder, so as to make himself a regular fire-work.

“ In this guise he acted the Prince of Darkness by the immense blaze of a pine forest roaring in its fury all around them. The Indians were appalled and sunk down overpowered with dread before him. With a gigantic arm he threw first one on his shoulder and then the other, and rushed through the flames with them till he had got man, woman, and child on the outside of the circle of fire. They, of course, believed him to be invulnerable.

“ Having by similar means got a complete mastery over the untutored minds of the savages, he selected four of the strongest and

boldest from among the tribe to assist him in his depredations; many were the houses they plundered, and the settlers they murdered, till at last the whole district was filled with alarm.

“ Shrike, however, went on with his enormities, sometimes alone, and sometimes in company with his Indian followers. There began, however, to be rather more hazard in his plundering excursions by land than formerly; at the same time there was more commerce over the lake, and considerable quantities of goods were now and then brought from the American side for the settlers here.

“ It was just at the time that the first quay was being constructed at Port Talbot, that a little boat, of about fifty tons burden laden with stores from the American side, had entered over night in the offing without coming into port. Shrike had determined to have a boat for himself, and henceforth to be an amphibious animal, being part of his time on the land and part on

the lake; he had watched this boat coming in, and was delighted with her fast sailing, for indeed she was by far the fastest boat then on the lake, and would, when the wind was favourable, run over to the other side between the lights.

“ With an eagle’s eye on the boat Shrike watched her two days delivering her cargo, and resolved with the Indians to attack and capture her before she could take in another. From a woody point which overlooked the harbour, the Indians, with their quick eyes, saw the master go on shore about night-fall, and then the whole party prepared to attack the vessel.

“ Shrike went armed in a most extraordinary manner; he had three brace of pistols about his person, a broadsword or rather a cutlass, a short pike, and a dagger. The Indians had their clubs and tomahawks, and having seated themselves in a canoe with Shrike in the stern as steersman,

and captain, soon after night-fall shot out from a small creek about two miles from the vessel.

“ The night was gloomy and dark, and they paddled away and reached the boat without those on board being at all aware of any danger. When the canoe got under the stern, Shrike listened and heard the men talking in the cabin ; and having motioned the Indians to remain quiet, and with a noiseless foot entered the vessel, he immediately descended the ladder of the cabin, and in a moment stood before the door at the bottom with a cocked pistol in each hand.

“ There were only two men and a boy below, and before either of them could ask the intruder what he did there, he had levelled a pistol with each hand, and the two former received the double-charged contents in their breasts, and fell dead without a groan. Shrike then drew forth another pistol, and aimed at the poor boy, who fell on his knees before him.

“Get up, you lubber,” said he, taking hold of his pistol by the muzzle, and giving the lad a knock with the butt end of it; “get up and help



me to weigh the kedge, or you shall have pills enough to last you your lifetime.

“The boy, scarcely knowing what he did, proceeded to obey the orders of the fiend; at the

same time the Indians came on board, and in a few minutes the Enterprise, for that was her name, was clearly under weigh, and scudding before a brisk easterly wind.

“ In a very few minutes after this the master hailed his vessel for a boat to put off for him, but received no reply ; after hailing for some time, he took a boat at the harbour, but could not find his vessel any where, and went back to pass a sleepless night until the morning.

“ The boy who had been thus forced to become an unwilling companion of pirates, was named Goodwell, and was the son of a poor American widow woman who had sold her only feather-bed to equip him for sea ; he was only twelve years old, and, as you may suppose, thought he should never see his mother again. Poor woman, she had done her duty by her child, and had not forgotten to send him to school. This was a lucky thing for the lad, as you shall hear.

“ Shrike cruised about all the next day for

pleasure; ate, drank wine, danced, rowed, and played all sorts of mad antics. He made a vow, that could he get ammunition, there should not be a soul alive on that lake but themselves, and no other bottom should float upon the waters but theirs.

“The next day a small vessel was seen at a distance; Shrike steered towards it. They found it to be a flat-bottom bound for Stirling, with a crew of three men only. The pirate hailed it, and begged to exchange some pork for fish he saw drying in the rigging, and laid alongside. While two of the men were getting the fish down, Shrike levelled his pistol and shot one, and before the other could turn round, he also was wounded. The Indians then rushed into the ship, killed the captain, and threw all overboard.

“This was a shocking thing for the poor lad, but he could not help it, and was forced to see all and hear all without a murmur. He, how-

ever, had his wits about him, and having read that sometimes people at sea throw bottles overboard containing information of the place they are in and so on, determined to send all the bottles he could find, overboard, with information of his fate; trusting some might by chance, or providence rather, be washed on shore, and be found by somebody.

“ In the last ship that was captured, there were two iron and two brass cannons, a part of the cargo for the use of the fort at Port Talbot; there were also several muskets, and four or five barrels of powder and shot. The pirate's eyes brightened when he saw this, and in his joy he tore away the colours from the ensign post and hoisted the bloody flag.

“ The manœuvre of Goodwell had the desired effect; the stream, which always sets towards lake Ontario, carried the bottles one after the other towards Long Point, and they were washed into the bay; several of them were picked up,

opened, and their despatches read. A very few hours sufficed to send an armed vessel after the pirates.

“The captain, who had lost his vessel, the *Enterprise*, volunteered; and the only bark that could be procured was manned and sent down the lake with all possible expedition. In about twelve hours the red flag of the pirate was seen just off Languard fort, and the *Swiftsure*, for that was her name, bore down upon it.

“Shrike, however, was dreadfully prepared, he awaited the attack with great coolness, and when he came to close fight poured in such a fire from his four guns, which were double shotted to their very muzzles, that the crew of the *Swiftsure* were quite confounded. Before they could recover themselves, Shrike had brought his musketry to bear upon them, and sent such a volley among the assaulters, that they were glad to sheer off, while the Indians uttered the war-whoop of defiance.

“Shrike followed up his advantage so quickly, that he again sent a volley into the Swiftsure, and killed two of the crew. After keeping up a sort of running fight for some time, in which one of the Indians was killed, and the poor boy was wounded on one side, and two more on the other side wounded, the latter gave up the contest by taking to the boat, and rowed with the greatest expedition to the land—Shrike firing at them all the time, but happily without effect.

“The Swiftsure was now plundered and sunk, and the pirate and his companions were again masters of lake Erie. The remains of the poor discomfited crew of the Swiftsure made the best of their way on foot to Port Talbot, giving, as you may suppose, but a melancholy account of their adventure.

“It was a hazardous attempt for any description of vessel to attack this hardy pirate; and nobody would volunteer to go after him. A

large reward was offered for his head. A handsome bounty for any one to enter upon the service; but no one would go.

"At last an old man, who used to get his living by hovelling and dredging, offered to destroy the Red Pirate, on condition that a ship was provided him free, and no one should accompany him but his two sons. People thought him mad. A meeting was held of the townspeople. The man attended. He said he had no doubt but he could destroy Shrike and all his companions; but he must do it his own way. He would not communicate his plan of operations to any one but some chief person of the town, who was to be selected by the company present.

"An old gentleman of high respectability was selected, and retired with the hoveller for nearly half an hour into a private room. At the expiration of this time he came out to the assembled townspeople, and told them he was perfectly

satisfied with the plan the old man had for destroying the enemy.

“The old man demanded a light bark of not less than fifty tons, with leave to put what stores he thought proper into her. This was granted; and in the course of the next day a small sloop was procured. The day afterwards it was fully equipped, and set sail down the lake. People, however, were amazed to find the old man and his sons go away without anything in the shape of warlike preparations.

“It was not till two days afterwards that the pirate was seen. Immediately the hoveller shortened sail, and tacked about; Shrike saw this, and made himself sure of a prize, and hoisted all possible sail to come up with his prey. The hoveller did the same, but took care to put both anchors over the bows, with a large mass of stone, on purpose to impede his course without appearing to shorten sail. He also employed his young men in getting ready a very fast

rowing boat, which was launched over the ship's side.

“The pirate came on, and gained ground every moment. The hoveller threw out a bale or two of silk goods, a tub of spice, and some other valuable articles, but kept on crowding sail as before. The pirate was now near enough to bring one of his brass cannons to do execution upon the ship; and boom, crack went the topmast over the side of the ship—another, and the stern quarter was carried away.

“The hoveller and his sons now thought it time to leap into the boat they had prepared for their escape. They did so; and in a few minutes were rowing away in a direction to the shore, at the same time the vessel, with her helm lashed hard a starboard, luffed off in a contrary direction. Shrike gave a crack or two at the boat, but immediately turned after the still flying vessel.

“In a very few minutes he came up with her,

and at this moment the hoveller and his sons rested on their oars, and at last stood up in the middle of the boat, watching with intense interest the pirate and his crew. They saw them board.



The Indians were tearing up the hatches. Shrike was just descending the cabin stairs—a flash of broad red flame—a dreadful report—

bang—bang—a volume of smoke—a million of fragments. The pirate was destroyed.

“Four barrels of gunpowder in the hold, with a secret fusee lit when the hoveller left the vessel, and calculated to burn just fifteen minutes, did the trick; but the poor boy, you will say—he was left to steer the pirate’s ship, and at the moment of explosion had suffered her to drift a little apart. He was saved.

“Such is the story of Shrike, the red pirate of Lake Erie,” said the boatman; “but I declare I have been rowing you half a mile below the Point.”

“There is nothing like keeping to the point in a story,” said I.

“I should think not, sir,” said the boatman; “and so, sir, perhaps you will give this oar a push.”

This I did willingly, and soon again stood upon the northern shore of the lake.

CHAPTER XIII.

OUTBREAK OF THE INSURRECTION IN CANADA—PETER PARLEY
IN DANGER.

WELL, here I am at Montreal again, and glad enough should I be to get away. Nothing now but popping from one end of the town to the other; smoke, gunpowder, leaden bullets, hand-grenades, and Congreve rockets, have taken the place of Canadian cheer. The birds are all frightened; the ducks and geese look suspicious; and as to the cattle, how they scamper away, to be sure, when they see a man with a firelock. Poor old Peter Parley, after all, to be forced to turn soldier: but I will tell you how it was.

I came back to Montreal to rest for a few weeks, and took lodgings near the Court-house. That I might not be idle, I suppose, I was attacked by a very severe fever, and was confined to my bed for several months, quite through the Canadian summer. The warmer it became, the more I seemed to lose my strength ; and I began to think that all the little girls and boys in the world would have to be put in mourning for poor Peter Parley. I have no doubt they would have all been extremely sorry, if not for the loss of me, at least for the loss of my stories.

But, thank God, I am alive and well ; but such a brawl, first with the fever, and then with the rebels. But I must give you the whole account from first to last.

Well, I was lying on my bed, in what my landlady told me were the quietest lodgings in all Canada. I had been living upon water gruel, Dover's powders, Epsom salts, rhubarb, senna, and a variety of slip-slops for several

weeks. My poor head was in a strange state. I could not think at all; and looked upon all my travels and stories, and everything else in this world, as less than nothing.

While I was in this condition, I several times thought I heard people quarrelling under my window. I heard, as I supposed, shouts of a mob; then horns were blown; and, lastly, such a confusion seemed to be going on, that I thought something very serious must be the matter.

I inquired of my landlady, a stout woman with rather a red face, and something of the dimensions of a considerable sized cheese, if anything were amiss. "Poor dear creature," said she, "his head is very bad. Keep yourself quiet, Mr. Parley," said she, "you are only wandering."

"I heartily wish I was wandering out of your house, madam," said I: "and if you do not let me know what all this hubbub is about, I will

leave your lodgings, and remove at once, weak as I am, into the environs of the town."

"Do not be *obstopolos*," said she; "if you do, you must have some quieting medicine; keep yourself quiet," she continued, "and you will soon be better. Ay, do not attempt to get out of the bed. I insist upon your not getting out of bed: for it will be the death of you if you do."

Just at this moment I heard *bang, bang*, then a hurrah, then a shriek or two, and another shout.

"Do you call this fancy?" said I to the landlady, who could not help running to the window; but instead of giving me any reply, she ran back pale as death. "Oh, my goodness! oh, save me, Mr. Parley! Here they come! here they come! We shall be all killed, hung, drawn, quartered, blown up, slaughtered, murdered! Oh, that ever I came into this place of

villains! Oh that my poor dear husband could see me now! Oh, Mr. Parley! Mr. Parley! Oh! oh! oh! oh!" Then the poor woman fell into the great chair as naturally as if she had done it for the purpose; while a shout from the street, and another *bang, bang*, made me draw the bed-clothes over me, and leap out of bed.

What was my surprise to see the whole street in commotion. All around the Court-house were thousands of people, mostly men: some with guns, others with large club sticks, some with long poles with pikes stuck upon them. Such a raggamuffin set as you never saw; some without hats, some without coats, some without shoes, their clothes hanging in tatters, and their beards of a week's growth. There were also banners, on which were inscribed various mottoes. On one was written—"Sons of Liberty!"

Well, thought I, if these are the Sons of Liberty, they are a rough set. They could sing, and some of them began to sing and caper about.

Presently I saw a party of them, led by a wild looking fellow, without coat, hat, or shoes, and brandishing a large cutlass, rush to a wine and spirit shop, and in a few seconds the door was dashed in, the shutters taken down, and the gin, rum, and brandy, brought out in barrels, bottles, jugs, and caps-full.

As soon as the spirit shop was broken open, hundreds rushed to the place; while the example was followed at another shop a little further on: for there are plenty of public-houses everywhere. Soon after I began to see the effects of the liquor: for if the "Sons of Liberty" were furious before, they were now absolute fiends. All kinds of shops were now in danger of being broken open. People fled to the house tops. Some ran out at the back doors; women were screaming, children were crying; the whole forming such a scene as Peter Parley never before witnessed in all his travels.

Presently I observed another party coming in

an opposite direction : this party also had banners, horns, &c. One fellow had got a large frying-pan, which he beat with a small hammer, which, with the horns, made a nice clash of rough music. On the banners of this party were inscribed various mottoes, such as "Canadians, be free!" "No monopoly!" "Death to feudal slaves!" "No Quints!" On one, "Confusion to all order!" and on another, "No tyranny! no kings! no priests! no religion! no nothing!" Hurrah!

Well, thought I, this is what they call a small slice of revolution, and I was beginning to moralize; but just at this moment my landlady recovered from her swoon, and seeing me standing at the window in the counterpane, and looking like a ghost, and at the same time a discharge of musketry being heard, she gave a loud scream, and rushed out of the apartment.

I looked again out of the window, to see where

the last noise came from ; it was from the further end of the street, and I could see nothing but a little smoke. The patriots, however, were by this time, to the amount of several hundreds, more or less, in a complete state of intoxication, and had begun to strip the houses of everything valuable. I saw all sorts of things thrown from the windows of the best houses : looking-glasses, curtains, boxes of wearing apparel, books, tea-urns, and plate. Every time anything was thrown from a window, a loud cheer was given by those below, who had a furious scramble for it.

While this was going on, I heard another report of fire-arms, and as I looked in the direction from which the sound came, I saw the mob falling back ; at last I discerned a body of resolute persons, apparently well dressed, armed with guns, large sticks, swords, and a variety of other weapons, rushing on with great bravery, clearing the people from the streets and from the

houses into which they had broken. I understood, afterwards, that they were the members of the "Doric Club."

Presently they had advanced as far as the house in which I was, and here a most desperate struggle began; for a larger number of the mob were at this place, infuriated by liquor, and they rushed upon the Dorics like madmen.

But it was of no use. The Doric club men laid them flat with their bludgeons, or shot them down with their rifles, and bestirred themselves with such vigour, that in less than half an hour the streets were perfectly cleared of the Sons of Liberty, excepting some twenty or thirty, who were in such a state of intoxication, as to be unable to sit, stand, walk, lie, or go.

I must own that I was very much frightened; but I really think the fright did me good. I had scarcely been out of bed for some months; but I felt able to stand, and, instead of going to bed again, I put on my clothes, and crawled

down stairs to find some of the inmates of the house.

There was, however, not a soul in it that I could discover. The shutters were up; the lower part of the house in darkness; the doors barricadoed by chests of drawers, tables, beds, bolsters, washing tubs, and beer barrels. Such a confusion as I never saw. I called aloud for Mrs. Boniface, for that was my landlady's name, but received no reply.

At last, when the sound of the firing had subsided, and the street was quite quiet, I heard a voice crying, "Mr. Parley!—are you alive, Mr. Parley? Will not everybody in the world be killed and massacred? Oh, do tell me the worst, dear Mr. Parley."

"All the danger is over, Mrs. Boniface," said I; "you have nothing to fear; the streets are clear, and the patriots gone home to look after their wives and families."

I looked into a cupboard by the side of a fire

place, for I thought it was from it that the voice proceeded. "No, no, I am not there," said the landlady; it is here, Mr. Parley—here, Mr. Parley, up the chimney; but I can't get down again."

"Not get down again, madam," said I, "Why not?"

"I am wedged in round the waist by some bricks, which have fallen down, and got underneath my arms, so that I cannot move. Oh, I shall die if you do not help me. My mouth is full of soot; and I am as blind as a bat."

I endeavoured all I could to extricate the poor woman, but to no purpose; but just as I was giving up the matter in despair, she made a violent struggle, and down she came, black as a chimney-sweeper. I could scarcely believe it was Mrs. Boniface.

She, however, immediately rose up, and said, "Oh, Mr. Parley! oh, save me, Mr. Parley!" and staggering towards me, threw her black

hands on my neck, and fainted away in my arms, making me almost as black as herself.

Such is the story of the first Canadian outbreak. Of course you would like to know something more of the insurrection in Canada. Of this I will tell you presently.



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CHAPTER XIV.

THE GOVERNMENT OF CANADA—PETER PARLEY A VOLUNTEER—
SKIRMISH WITH THE REBELS.

SUCH was the confusion that day, so desperate were the mob, that it was fully expected that another outbreak would take place during the night; but extraordinary precautions were taken by the respectable inhabitants. The members of the Doric Club paraded the streets; volunteers mustered; and such of the military as were at hand joined in restoring order. No three persons were allowed to stop and talk together in the streets. A couple of cannons were obtained, and placed at convenient places for firing on the insurrectionists, whoever they might be.

Everybody thought themselves secure, but no one went to bed without leaving some members of the family up, and lights were burnt in every house. Doors were barricadoed; and those who happened to have by them crow-bars, pokers, pitchforks, carving knives, and hatchets, got them ready. All sorts of instruments were put in use for the purpose.

Many a man was seen sharpening his carving knife on the stone at the street-door, and here and there were to be seen a few pitchforks under the file.

This looked rather terrible, did it not? but nobody could help it. We, however, passed a quiet night. In the morning a great many persons enrolled themselves as volunteers, and I was pressed very much to do so; but I was at that time too weak to carry my musket.

You will wonder what all this insurrection was about; and if I were to tell you, you could not understand it, as many of the poor wretches

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did not who were foremost in the affray : but I may tell you a little concerning the government of Canada.

When the French had the possession of Canada, the Government was a real despotism. A despot is a king who chooses to have everything his own way.

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The British Parliament, or Crown, vested the chief authority in a governor, aided by a council of not less than seventeen persons. After this, an act was passed, by which Canada was divided into the Upper and Lower Provinces, and had a constitution granted to them, which consisted of a governor and an executive council of eleven persons, appointed by the Crown, similar to the Privy Council in England. A legislative council, also appointed by the King, and a representative assembly, forming the third estate, like our House of Commons.

This representative assembly has from time to time found fault with the Government on va-

rious points, and at last has gone to such lengths, as to be the cause of the rebellion which broke out while I was at Montreal, and which is not yet quelled.

There are a great many French people in Lower Canada, the descendants of the French people who lived in it before the English took it from that nation. These French Canadians have long been very dissatisfied with the English Government, and a good many of the lower classes of English have joined them.

But I was about telling you of the progress of the insurrection. After this outbreak, the military were soon in motion, and in a day or two a detachment was sent by the way of St. Denis, to put down the rebellion. The patriots, however, mustered in great numbers, and fell upon the Queen's troops with such vigour, that they were defeated, and were glad to run away into the woods, or wherever else they could hide themselves.

The news of this event filled everybody with consternation, and recruits or volunteers were raised everywhere. It was looked upon as dishonourable for any man, old or young, rich or poor, ill or well, to refuse enrolling himself. As I got better I began to feel strong enough to carry a musket: and here I am fully equipped as a Canadian volunteer.



Hundreds from the towns and villages around Montreal joined the ranks. There was such

drilling, and forming, and firing, and picquetting, that it created a scene such as I never before witnessed. They soon made me an officer; and I had the care of about fifty men, as brave a set of fellows as ever lived. They said they wanted a head. I thought it might not be long before I should want one, too. But I took the command; for you know I am a friend to peace, and I could see clearly that peace was not to be had without fighting for it.

Just as we were ready to go in search of the rebels, who had marched towards St. Charles, we were glad to hear they had met with a defeat by the regular troops, who had two pieces of artillery. This, however, did not prevent us going off; for we had received notice that a strong party of the rebels were about to receive a considerable quantity of arms from the United States, which we wished, if possible, to intercept.

So away we went—tailors, haberdashers, gro-

cers, buttermen, stonemen, clerks, all sorts and descriptions of people, some with arms and some without, but all intent on having some, if they were to be had.

Before we had proceeded many miles upon the road, what should we meet but several wagons, guarded by the regular troops, filled with arms and ammunition, which had been sent for by express at the first. A loud hurrah bespoke our joy, and, in a few minutes, the arms were taken from the chests, and freely distributed to all in need of them. Then there was such a snapping of locks and fitting in gun flints, and sharpening of bayonets, as I never saw.

To provide against the arms being of much use, the flints and screws were distributed to two or three horse soldiers, who had received directions, should the wagons fall into the hands of the rebels, immediately to retreat—so that the guns would have been of little use, as to firing, for some time. The ammunition,

too, was packed in such a way, that a light might have been applied to each side of the chests containing it, and it would have blown up immediately. So much for the precautions of war.

Well, we obtained our guns and ammunition, and away we went as full of glee as could be. For my part, I felt very unhappy at being forced to go and kill my fellow-creatures. But what could I do? I must either kill or be killed. I of course chose the former.

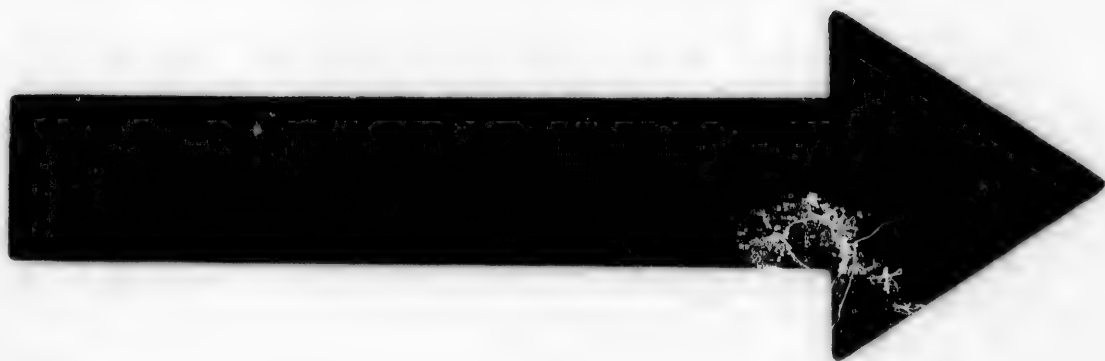
We marched on as fresh as larks. There never were more spirited fellows than the Canadian volunteers, particularly the Messigui Boys, as they are called. Our object was, if possible, now to intercept the rebel force. In this we were successful. We had passed along the road for some miles towards a spot at which we heard they were *mustered*, where also we intended they should be *peppered*.

I walked beside, or rather in advance, of my

company, and what with my dress coat with long flaps, broad hat, belt, sword, and rifle, made a very good commander. I secretly hoped, however, that the poor deluded creatures might be prevailed upon to lay down their arms, and that we might not be forced to kill any of them.

Our leader, however, who was a fierce politician, talked about nothing but extermination, and no quarter. His address to us was after this fashion; I believe these were nearly his very words:

“Canadian volunteers! your houses are violated; your domestic hearths sacrilegiously assailed; the laws are set at defiance; life is no longer safe; a vile set of miscreants, without law, order, or respect for private or public peace, have thrown the state into rebellion. Let us put an end to the outrage by a decisive blow, one that will make the enemies of good government ashamed and afraid to snap at the hand



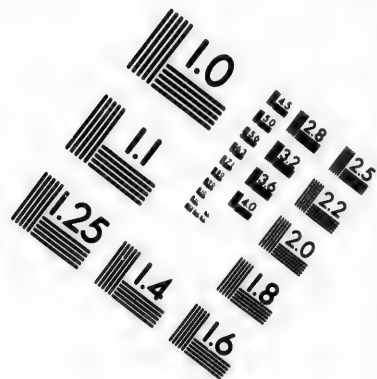
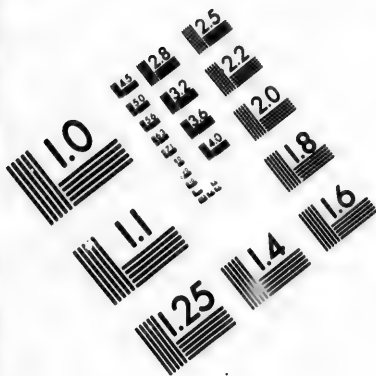
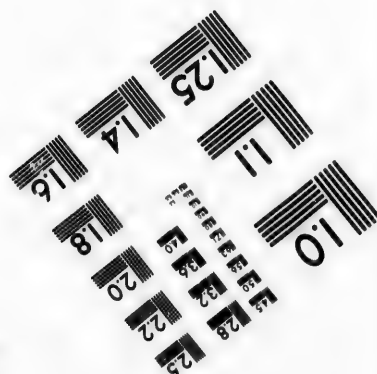
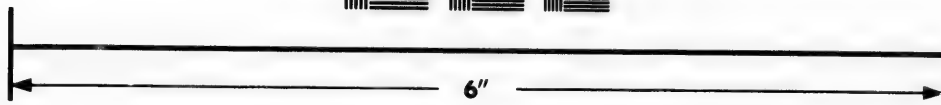
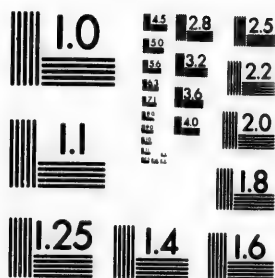


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that feeds them. Onwards, brave Canadian militia! onwards to death or victory. Remember, it is for our wives, our children, our homes, that we fight. *Pro aris et focis*. Follow!"

With that he dashed onwards in fine style, and all the volunteers hurraed. "Was not that a fine speech?" said a volunteer tailor to a cheesemonger, who stood by his side.

"I calculate there's not a better orator in all Canada. Did you ever hear Colonel Galloway before? Why, he electrified the auditors one night at the Goose and Cabbage to such a degree, that every man went off without paying his score. That's what I call oratory. He had completely made them forget everything, even themselves; and one man was so far lost, that he is reported to have gone into his stable instead of his parlour, and not to have discovered his mistake till he found he could not eat hay."

"Well, that is extraordinary," said the other.

"Left shoulders forward!" said the commanding officer.

"And pray what have you got that pewter plate inside your waistcoat for?" said Mr. Corporal Snubbs.

"For a chest complaint," said the tailor, "it is a metallic tractor, and I always wear it when I go out."

"It would be of more use to you behind your back," said the corporal.

"Do you think so? do you really? Well, perhaps I may give it a swing in a *retreat*."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said I to myself. By this time we had got upon the borders of a fine forest, through which a road had been cut. This we entered, and marched along till we came to a narrow path. Through this we turned, and walked gently along, sometimes up to our waists in the long grass and underwood, and occasionally obliged to creep on all fours, to get through the bushes.

At last we came to a somewhat extensive swamp, formed by what had once been a small lake in the middle of the wood. It was rotten at the bottom, although apparently smooth on the top. Of course it was covered with grass, as such places usually are. In many parts were deep holes; and you might, if you were not careful, fall in up to your arm-pits, and find it not very easy to get out again.

In other spots the ground was tolerably firm, particularly so towards one end. We crept round the edges of the space thus enclosed by the forest trees till we came to a deep dell full of broken crags and rocks. Here the trees hung over each other in all kinds of direction; some shot over the valley almost horizontally; others, on the extreme verge of it, threw their lofty branches high up into the air, and seemed to stand like sentinels to the spot.

We had travelled now several hours without food; our brave commandant, therefore, gave

orders that we should descend into this dell to bivouac. We had no regular sutler or commissary, every man being his own provider ; but it is but justice to say that no one forgot that he had a stomach before he set out.

We descended the dell in martial order, and the companies amounting to five of about fifty men each, disposed themselves in groups on spots convenient for sitting ; logs of trees, and the trunks of others which had been thrown from the precipices by storms at various times, with large masses of earth which had shelved down from time to time, formed our seats and tables, and in a few minutes every man was busily employed.

And what a variety of things : one had put in his pocket a knuckle of ham ; another had in his bag half a leg of mutton ; others had fowls, sausages, large and small ; one a boiled beef-steak pudding ; some enormous sandwiches ; others, bacon, veal, beef, wrapped up in pocket-

handkerchiefs, napkins, Buffalo gazettes, brown paper ; and few were without the brandy bottle.

Well, down we sat, and made such an attack upon the eatables which showed us to be heroes of the gastronomic line, whatever we might be as volunteers. We were as hungry as hunters ; and really after we had been a quarter of an hour munching, felt very little inclined to go after the patriots, who were not supposed to be more than four or five miles off.

Our generalissimo came round to every company, and cheered us with expressions of satisfaction at our order, regularity, and bravery (although we had not shown much of that except in our warfare upon the eatables) ; he said we exceeded in soldierly appearance, in military order, in discipline, and in courage any regular troops he had ever heard of, ever read of, or ever seen in any place, in any country, at any time. Really I began to feel after this very much like a hero, for what with the brandy, and the

viands, and the flattery, I felt almost too big for my great coat.

At last when each man was putting away the remains of his provender, our commander advanced to a little knoll in the midst of the dell, and taking a small horn from his pocket filled it with brandy; here, said he, I drink the health of Queen Victoria and destruction to all rebels—zourt—pop—bang, bang, said the voices of two or three rifles from the edge of a precipice on the left. The leader dropped his cup and cried out, “The rebels! up and at them lads, up and at them.”

Before, however, we could up and at them, down came a volley of immense stones, and again whistled the bullets by us. Every man, though, had his gun to his shoulder in a moment, and returned the salute with interest, although it was like firing in the air, for we could see no one.

In a minute or two, sandwiches, knuckles of

ham, and all kinds of provision, good, bad, or indifferent, were scattered upon the grass. "Form! Form!" was the word of command, and without further preparation, each captain placed himself at the head of his company, and called out, "follow me." "Recollect," said our commander, as he first came to one company, and then to another, "recollect you are Canadians, and the bed of death is the bed of honour; remember your wives and children, you that have any, and you that have not——". He would have said more, but just then a shot went whiz through his broad-brimmed hat, and stopped his oratory.

"Scramble up the crags, you dogs," said he, "or we shall be dead men in a twinkling;" and away we went; but just as we got half way up, down came another cargo of stones, knocking heads, hands, legs about, and rolling many a bold Canadian into the deep places below; at the same time two or three shots were fired, and several of our party fell.

We, however, did not give the rebels time to give us another salute, but mounted up to the top of the hollow as quickly as we could scramble; and, in a few minutes I, with my company, stood in view of the rebels.

There they were with all their paraphernalia of warfare, pitchforks, poles, scythes, spikes, bludgeons, stones, a few rifles, a dirty flag or two, and in number about five hundred. They stood between us and the swamp of which I before told you, hesitating whether they should continue the attack or run off.

We did not give them much time to argue the matter between themselves, but at the word "Fire!" levelled our pieces and poured the shot into them as to make them dance again. However, a great number rushed towards us in a body, as if to overwhelm us; we stood steady, loaded our pieces, and just as they came within a few feet of us fired point blank in their faces, and immediately rushed to the charge.

Such a scramble then took place as I never saw ; a good many fell by our fire. This disconcerted the others, and they gave back, we came upon them, and away they ran helter skelter over their fallen companions, some tumbling head over heels, others jumping over trees, stoncs, ditches ; a company then flanked them on the right, and the second company wheeling to the left completely hemmed them round. There was but one alternative, either to lay down their arms, or to rush pell-mell over the swamp : the Sons of Liberty preferred the latter.

Away they dashed in a posse and we after them. They soon, however, found the swamp not exactly the place for running. The greater portion of them were up to their knees, some above their waists, and not a few up to their arm-pits. We followed them, and were in a similar predicament. Away the rogues floundered black as ink in the thick slime, while our

party kept loading and firing as quick as they were able; we were all in as bad a condition as Christian in the slough of Despond.



At last by the most violent struggles, a large proportion of the Sons of Liberty got on the other side, encased, however, in mud; some with boots only, but the greater number had mud trousers and jackets also. Nor were we in much better condition; as to myself I was all over mud as far as my waist, for my men had

pushed me forward so rapidly, that I scarcely knew where I was till I sank deep into the quagmire.

Few of us were in a condition to pursue our aggressors, but we peppered them as long as we were able; and one company which had not been so eager to get into the swamp as the rest, made a circuitous course round the end of it, and took several prisoners.

Thus ended the first regular affray in which I was engaged. When we came to compare notes, we found that as many as thirty poor fellows had been killed, and a considerable number wounded; we also lost three men, and had five wounded; but then we had all the glory, as they call it.

After the skirmish was over, our gallant commander made another speech much after the manner of Pizzaro in the play. He began by calling us friends and brother countrymen, and used several phrases of which I can only recol-

lect the catch words, such as heroic enterprise—glorious day—everlasting renown—prodigies of valour—transcendent conquest—emblazoned eternal rocks of adamant—England's liberty—British constitution, church and state; and several other epithets which are generally used on such occasions.

We now prepared to return to Montreal with our prisoners and trophies of victory, sixteen tatterdemalions, eighteen broom sticks, twenty-four pitch-forks, twice as many crab bludgeons, a variety of old hats, three old flags, and a few tarpaulin jackets, such as the Canadians wear in wet weather.

When we reached Montreal the joy of the place was unbounded; every man was looked upon as a hero and as the saviour of his country; for my part I expected to have had a statue erected to my valour as large as that of Achilles in Hyde Park, but it was not so; the reason of which I will tell you by and by.

CHAPTER XV.

ATTACK ON ST. EUSTACHE—BURNING OF THE CAROLINE
STEAM-BOAT.

SUCH was the result of our first military expedition; and I should have been very glad if it had been the last; for although I am no coward, I certainly do not like fighting; and as to being a soldier, I think tenpence halfpenny a day not enough to be shot at for. But necessity has no law, as the saying is, and so I continued a volunteer.

We received orders to join the regular troops which now came down in considerable numbers; and away we went, far better equipped than on the former expedition, the greater number of us

had been put into uniform, and we had drums, and music, and flags, and all those other showy things which it is found necessary to throw round the trade of killing to set it off to the best advantage.

Some had stripes on their arms, some epaulettes on their coats, and feathers in their caps, and looked very fine. Then there were beautiful silk colours flaunting in the air, and the music playing, and the townspeople huzzaing, so that the greater portion of our volunteers were quite proud of themselves and one another.

Well, away we went, and were soon joined by the regular troops, and put under the command of Sir John Colborne, a good soldier, and a very worthy man, by no means desirous of spilling blood unnecessarily. Everybody loved Sir John, and so we were as happy as soldiers could be.

Sir John, however, though very humane, was determined to put down the rebellion as speedily

as possible ; and we accordingly advanced on St. Eustache, where we were informed the patriots were to be found in large numbers. We marched into the town in two divisions, and were received with volleys of musketry from the rebels, who seemed at first determined to give us a good peppering.

Several of our men fell, but we pushed on, driving the rebels before us till we came near the church ; and here we found some rough work might be expected, for the rebels had got into this building and kept up a continued fire upon us from the church windows, steeple, and every other post commanding shot range.

Sir John, however, ordered two field pieces to be brought forward, and immediately commenced firing at the church, not with shot only, but with congreve rockets.

Terrible things indeed are those rockets ; they are filled with combustible matter, and, forced from a field-piece, go right into the centre of a

building, and then begin to burn, and blaze, and shoot about in every direction, setting everything on fire within their reach.

As soon as eight or ten of these congreve rockets had been sent in upon the rebels, we observed the church to be on fire; and now the rebels began to make their escape in all directions, while our soldiers and volunteers fired at them as they ran away. We were then ordered to make a circuitous movement so as to surround the church on all sides, and to kill every one who attempted to make his escape.

One of our columns were ordered to advance with bayonets fixed. I was very glad it was not my company, it was the regular troops; they advanced on a point at which the patriots made a stand, and the poor creatures who attempted to defend themselves were skewered by the bayonets of the soldiers in every direction. I saw a party of eight or ten soldiers follow twenty

or thirty of the rebels into a corner and stick them through and through.

Quarter was only allowed to those who threw down their arms and stood still as prisoners ;



all who attempted to run away or turn upon the soldiers were shot at and cut down.

I was quite sick at the sight ; oh, how I wished to be away from such scenes of blood-

shed. And how did I return thanks to God that it had not fallen to my lot to kill a fellow creature even in battle; I think if I had bayoneted a poor creature in this manner, I should never have got his look of agony and death out of my memory.

After this we went to another town, which was also burnt down to the ground with congreve rockets; about fifty houses were burnt, and the smell from the burnt bodies was intolerable. We then advanced upon Grand Brule.

Here the inhabitants were dreadfully alarmed. In every window we saw white flags; they were bits of cotton or silk stuck on sticks, and were meant to say we do not want to fight, we are peaceable. Here also were drawn up a long row of Canadian patriots who had been frightened by our victory at St. Eustache. They also had bits of white rags stuck on sticks and looked the most pitiable set of poor creatures I ever

witnessed. Our men could not help laughing at them.

We now had a little rest, and wondered what the patriots would be at next. We were in hopes that with two conflagrations and two sound threshings, we should have little occasion for any further trouble; but we were mistaken, for we very soon received intelligence that the patriots had taken up a strong position on Navy Island under their leaders Mackenzie, General Van Reuselar, and Colonel Sutherland.

Navy Island is a small island situated about two miles above the falls of Niagara, of which I have before told you. It contains about six hundred acres, and has only one practical landing place near the head of the island, so that a small body of men could defend it against a much greater number, not only on account of the difficulty of landing, but from the rapids of the river which prevent you from putting off boats from the shore directly opposite to it, and force

you to the necessity of going up the stream some distance ; in which case you would have the fire of all the works of the island upon you for some time before you could land.

Here then the patriots raised their standard of defiance ; at first only about sixty armed men took up their station here, but in a few days nearly five hundred had mustered, determined as they said, to defend themselves to the last extremity.

We raised a battery, however, of sixteen pieces of artillery and several of musketry within gunshot of the place, and commenced firing day and night on the insurgents, but with little effect. We also manned boats two or three times with a view to make a landing, but all to no purpose from the difficulties I have named to you. We hoped at last to starve them out, but this was impossible, as they received daily supplies of arms, food, and ammunition from the American shore.

A large number of the Americans living on the opposite side of the St. Lawrence, took the part of the patriots from the first, and did every thing they could to give them assistance; they subscribed money, furnished arms, and took their parts in their various newspapers; and now they, under pretence of using it as a passage-boat, engaged a small steamer named the *Caroline*, which they put into service to carry provisions to the rebels.

Our commander had observed this with a good deal of chagrin, and determined to put a stop to it; he, therefore, commissioned a party of the bravest of our soldiers and sailors to attempt the capture of the *Caroline*.

This was performed with great adroitness. Three boats were manned, which in the night were ordered to drop down gently with the stream till they reached the steamer. This was done so gently that although there were a great number of people on board, nobody had the

slightest notion of it, till about a dozen of our men entered the boat on each side, with arms and cutlasses in their hands cutting and killing all they met with.

As a great number of the people on board were Americans, they begged and prayed for quarter; but it was of no use, all were killed who made the slightest resistance, and the remainder were left to reach the shore as they could. Several in their terror jumped overboard and swam to the shore; many attempting to do so were drowned. Those who attacked the boat now cut her from her moorings and towed her into the middle of the stream, the poor creatures within crying out for mercy every moment.

When she had reached the middle of the stream, they set her on fire with rockets and hand-grenades, and in a few minutes the Caroline was one mass of flame. The cries of the people on board were dreadful, and increased

as they now saw, by the light of the flame, that they were going down the rapids, and would shortly be hurled over the falls.

Oh, it was indeed a dreadful sight to see that steam-boat one mass of flame, with a number of poor wretches shrieking and howling for succour, going down the dreadful gulf! but there was no other chance for it. Away she went, illuminating both sides of the river, which were now covered with people, crying out, and vainly attempting to put off boats to the rescue of those on board.

The steamer proceeded slowly and calmly along the lucid waters. We heard her masts crack and fall, and saw the red light shoot out more awfully as her decks fell in. We heard also the cries of those on board. I thought I distinguished a female cry. My eyes kept watching her along the rapids, till at last—she was gone.

Over the falls in the twinkling of an eye. To

those below the falls, the sight was more horrible. It seemed as if fire and water had united in the work of destruction. I shudder when I think of the fate of the poor Caroline: but such are the inevitable consequences of war.



After this the rebels were greatly dispirited; they found it difficult to procure provisions, and

became every day more and more straitened. We continued firing upon them, allowing them no rest night nor day. At last, to our surprise, they were gone as suddenly as the steamer.

They had escaped to the American side, and, with few exceptions, got clear off. As to the Americans, they were highly incensed at the loss of their steamer, and the deaths of those on board. All along the frontiers meetings were held, in which the British were denounced as the most abominable nation in the world; and it was feared that the whole of the people on the line would arm themselves, and pierce into Canada, to avenge what they called a barbarous outrage. However, they did not do this. They contented themselves with talking a good deal, and offering sympathy to the Canadians. When they came to investigate the affair, it was clearly shown that the *Caroline* had been in the service of our enemies, and that according to the rights of war, we were justified in burning her.

But still they were in the highest degree incensed: and it required the strongest preparation on our part, and also the strongest remonstrance, on the part of their President, Van Buren, to keep them from coming over in a body to join the Canadians.

This, however, has not taken place, and I do not suppose that it will; but the Americans do not like us for all that, as you will see.





